

B. Stratford,
THE
PLACID MAN:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF
Sir Charles Beville.

THE SECOND EDITION,
WITH ADDITIONS.

By CHARLES JENNER, M.A. *h*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Facile omnes perferre ac pati. TERENT.
at best a negative Virtue

LONDON:
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.
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PLACID MAN.

OF

M. E. M. O. I. R. S.

OF

Sir Charles Bell.



By Charles Bell.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON.

Printed by J. G. Bell, in the Strand.

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M. E. M. O. I. R. S.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF DENBIGH.

MADAM,

I Fear your Ladyship may have some reason to accuse me of presumption, in offering you a work of so trifling a nature, and which has not even the charm of novelty to recommend it: If any thing can excuse the liberty I am taking, it is the consideration that the notice

iv DEDICATION.

with which your Ladyship and your friends have been pleased to honour the first edition of it, is perhaps one principal cause of the appearance of a second.

I am well aware, Madam, in how contemptible a light people of too much or too little reading are inclined to see works of this nature; and how little attention they pay to the exemption which some of them may claim from the general censure: but, to so accurate an observer of human nature as your Ladyship, whose penetration in developing characters can only be equalled by your candour in judging of them, these small pictures of the human heart may afford some justifiable amusement.

Neither

DEDICATION. v

Neither can I think that your Ladyship's sometimes condescending to give your approbation to trifles of this kind, can in the least derogate from that superior taste and judgment which you shew with regard to works of an higher nature; as it only serves to elucidate that respectable part of your character, the being so remarkably attentive to the least degree of merit, however small in itself, and in however humble a situation you may happen to find it. Of this, pardon my vanity in saying, both the author and his works are continual instances.

Permit me therefore, Madam, to assure your Ladyship, that I have the highest sense of the honour you

vi DEDICATION.

do me, in suffering me, upon any
occasion, to subscribe myself,

With the utmost respect and esteem,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

Claybrooke,
8th Feb. 1773.

CHARLES JENNER.

C O N-

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MEMOIRS

OF

Sir CHARLES BEVILLE.

CHAP. I.

Matter Introductory.

THERE is no knowledge in search of which people in general are more eager, than that of what others have been doing in the world. What a man has been doing himself is, generally speaking, what he least troubles his head about; the number of those who have done any thing worth recollecting bears so small a proportion to those who would wish to forget every thing they ever did in their lives, that the generality of us are in this respect very ready to take *Stephano's* advice, and "every man shift for all the rest, whilst no man takes care for himself." Upon this account it is, that biographers in general have more disciples than

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any

any other set of writers, and the biographers of imaginary heroes more than any other set of biographers. It is not, therefore, without a little pride of heart, that I set out as an historian, upon a plan which will insure me ten times the number of readers that Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Hume, Mr. Robinson, or even Dr. Smollett, now he has forsaken the flowery paths of imagination, for the barren ones of matter of fact, can pretend to. I am well aware, that their readers will affect to hold mine exceedingly cheap, and remind me and my disciples of the lionsess in the fable; who, when she was reproached by the fox with bringing forth but one whelp at a time, replied, *but that one is a lion.*—But let not their readers be too sure that they are always of an higher class than mine, and that they are always better employed. Whoever reads, merely with a view to his own amusement, or, in other words, with the intention of making his time pass away with more ease and happiness to himself, may, as well, if it answers the same end, read the History of Sir Charles Beville, as that of Henry the Second, or any other hero of renown: and even for those who read with a view to improvement, as it is called, I am not sure whether the history of what did really happen, considering the different lights in which different historians represent it, is more likely

likely to make them a bit wiser, or a bit better, than the history of what might have happened. Let not, therefore, the readers of histories of this kind be ashamed of their employment : whatever affords a subject for reflection, must have its use, in some way or other ; and as these pieces of history are generally addressed more to the heart than to the head, they have, possibly, a fairer chance for influencing the conduct than any other. The account of a generous action, may raise a warmth in the heart, very likely to incite to the doing one ; the sympathetic tenderness which may arise in the breast from the history of a feigned distress, may open the heart to an attention to real misery ; and even the transient satisfaction of a laugh at innocent mirth, may spread a vein of good humour through the mind, which the wife, the husband, the friend, the servant of the reader, may find the good effects of, all the remainder of the day. In these respects, a history of this kind, which turns upon the more minute parts of the œconomy of human life, may possibly, with reverence be it spoken, have the advantage of all other histories. The great actions of great statesmen, or great heroes, upon which the revolutions of states depend, are not very likely either to excite the curiosity, or influence the conduct of private

people: but the propriety and rectitude of a man's conduct, who is conversant only in the common occurrences of life, and which are most conspicuous in little actions, every man is willing to contemplate, and able to imitate; and in this respect these histories may certainly have their use. — Thus much, therefore, I have ventured to say in behalf of the kind of work I am engaged in; by way of apology for those who may chuse to read it, and possibly for myself who have chosen to write it. With regard to the thing itself, I shall here say little or nothing. The reader will, by the help of his own sagacity, discover whether there are any merits in it; and by the help of his own knowledge in criticism, whether there are any faults. One thing only I will venture to premise, lest he should hit upon it, and value himself upon the discovery; and that is, that the generality of biographers in this way, myself amongst the rest, seem to think, that when once a man is what is called settled in life, he has no farther actions worth recording; for which reason, as soon as ever they have married their hero, they leave him to himself. What can be the meaning of this conduct, though I have given into it myself, I cannot tell; whether the marriage-state is so uniformly happy and even, that an account of it would be surfeiting; or whether
it

Sir CHARLES BEVILLE. 5

it is so calm and barren of events as to run the risque of being dull in the detail, I cannot tell; but I suppose, by some of the great masters having fairly washed their hands of their hero as soon as they have brought him to that catastrophe, there must be some good reason for it: I have, therefore, blindly followed their lead, and, for that reason, have not called mine a History of a life, but only Memoirs of some years of a life. This being premised, I shall not detain the reader any longer from the history, such as it is: I heartily wish him well through it, and only beg leave to recommend to him to take one line of Mr. Pope's in his hand as he goes along,

“ Laugh where we must, be candid where we
“ can.”

C H A P. II.

Some Account of the Hero's Family.

I N one of the inland counties of this kingdom lived Sir George Beville: a baronet of as ancient a family as most in England, and many of whose ancestors, by what I have at times gleaned from Sir George's conversation upon this subject, a subject, by the way,

upon which he was seldom averse to expatiating, would have made a much more respectable figure in history than our hero can pretend to, had they been so fortunate as to have met with an historian able and willing to have put their actions into a proper dress for being transmitted to posterity. But that was not their fate; which was no small mortification to Sir George, who often lamented it in very pathetic terms. And, indeed, the obscurity in which the many great actions of his ancestors lay buried, recorded in no chronicle but that of his own daily harangues, was one principal reason why Sir George determined to spend the greatest part of his own life in a retired way upon his estate in the country, rather than mix in the more active scenes of life; as he was sure, by confining his good deeds to the circle of his own tenants and neighbours, to have all due honour paid to them, and his labours not lost by being thrown away upon an ungrateful public.

At the time this history chuses to set out, Sir George was in his fiftieth year; and tho' he had, at the age of forty, married a lady much younger than himself, he had never been blessed with any children: a circumstance which would frequently break in upon his quiet, and make him very unhappy in spite of all his philosophy, of which he possessed

essed a great deal, and boasted a great deal more. Lady Beville, whose amiable character, in every branch of female excellence, might afford the finest field for panegyric that can be imagined, if that was a kind of writing which gave any pleasure either to writer or reader, did every thing in her power to alleviate this only uneasiness which Sir George had to struggle with; but to little purpose. Every day which seemed to increase the improbability of the cause being removed, gave fresh strength to his complaint; till by degrees the improvement of his house and its environs, which used to take up the greatest part of his time, and every other thing which used to give him satisfaction, lost their attractions every year more and more; every plan was entered upon without vigour, and finished, if it was finished, without satisfaction. Even his field sports were neglected; the preservation of the game seemed no longer an affair of consequence; the foxes rested quietly in their earths, the game-keepers guns were rusty, poachers increased, and even the park hares travelled to London in the higler's cart. In short, his mind was so oppressed by the uneasy reflection of having nobody to succeed him, that he seemed almost careless whether he left any thing behind him worth succeeding to.

About this period Mr. John Beville, a brother of Sir George, arrived in England from the West-Indies, where he had been stationed some years, as governor of one of the leeward islands. He immediately waited on Sir George at the hall, and the two brothers, who had not met for many years, received a sincere pleasure from the meeting. Sir George, whose despair of having any children made him look upon Mr. Beville as his undoubted heir, received him with great openness, and offered him his house in so earnest a manner, that Mr. Beville, though with some reluctance, at length was obliged to consent to live chiefly with him. Mr. Beville was about eight years younger than the baronet, and having lived a batchelor to that time, had contracted some peculiarities natural to a state of celibacy in either sex, which he was under some apprehensions of not being able to indulge with so little restraint in Sir George's family, as in a house of his own : but as he had barely saved enough from his government to enable him to live easily, the prospect of succeeding to the estate, and the fear of offending his brother, easily got the better of his scruples. But, alas ! he did not know Sir George ; he was the easiest man in the world to live with ; quiet attention to his harangues upon the affairs of his family, was the greatest compliancè he expected, and

and in that respect his brother, whose concerns had chiefly centered in himself, was so much a stranger, that he was likely to be, not only a passive, but even a delighted auditor of his anecdotes relating to his ancestors, who were a set of gentry with whom he was very little acquainted.

The first weeks after Mr. Beville's arrival were taken up in shewing him the situation of every part of the estate, which had undergone so many changes since he left the kingdom, that every thing was in a manner new to him. Indeed he had seen very little of England from his childhood, for the early part of his life had been spent in the sea-service of his country; a service which was not at all adapted to the natural indolence of his disposition. Sir George's interest in the county where his estate lay, had recommended his brother to the notice of the member, by whose interest with the minister, he procured his government just as the conclusion of a peace with France had caused his ship to be laid up, and himself reduced to half-pay. A twelve years residence in a warm climate had not a little conduced to the increasing his natural indolence, and a constant indulgence of himself in a country and station abounding with every species of indolent luxury, had rendered many things necessary to him, which others, at least, thought

indifferent, if they did not despise : but he enjoyed a natural good temper, which made him feel himself happy when he really was so, and which went a great way towards making him so ; and let me tell you, reader, that is far from being the case with every man : how few complaints should we hear, if every body was to resolve to be as happy as he could, and never to complain without reason. Lay your hand upon your heart, reader, and ask yourself seriously, whether, for one real misfortune, you have not grieved for ten imaginary ones, all through your life ?

C H A P III.

A Marriage proposed, and prevented by an Accident.

S I R George found so much comfort in the conversation of his brother, or rather, indeed, so much pleasure in talking to him, that he began to resume his natural good humour, and to follow his amusements with his usual gaiety ; and Lady Beville, who saw the happy effect which the governor's company had upon her husband, contrived to make every thing so agreeable to him, by never canvassing the

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Sir CHARLES BEVILLE. II

the reason or fitness of any of his peculiarities, that never were three people happier in each other.—Sir George, in a little time, had contracted so sincere a friendship for his brother, that he had almost persuaded himself to think a child would have only increased his trouble, and put it out of his power to make his brother so happy as he wished, by unavoidably disappointing him in his views of succeeding him, which he had actually promised him he should, and which Mr. Beville, by the great care he took of himself, seemed not a little determined to do, as well as, by the great alacrity with which he entered into any scheme for the improvement of the estate, to have no small pleasure in the prospect of.

One day, after dinner, when Sir George had just finished his first pipe, and the history of his grandfather's canvass for knight of the shire against Lord Bumper, which usually concluded together, he turned short round to the governor, and catching fast hold of his button (a custom which he, in common with all long talkers who have some reason to fear being deserted by their audience if they have not some stronger tie upon them than their discourse, was very subject to) asked him with some earnestness how old he was? The governor, who well knew, that whatever his person was, his thoughts were free, and had

therefore fixed his attention, during the greatest part of his brother's harangue, not upon his grandfather, but upon an adjoining farm, which had been offered to Sir George the day before, and which he wanted to persuade him lay very convenient for his estate, was a little staggered with the question, and was upon the point of pulling out his watch, supposing the baronet had asked him the time of the day ; but upon his repeating the question, he endeavoured to recollect his age, and succeeded within a year or two ; but it was one of the very few things in which he was not very exact. Indeed I have observed, that whenever a man or a woman, particularly if they are single, are turned of forty, they are seldom nice about a year or two, provided only that the mistake, if there is one, be on the right side. "Forty-two."—"Forty-two," said the baronet. "I think, brother, I think (with a great sigh, in spite of philosophy, or brotherly love) I may now despair of having any children, and as you are the next heir to all I have, I could wish you would think of marrying ; for if you die also without children, all the estate will go to another branch of the family with whom we have no connection, and all our pains will be for the advantage of strangers." The governor received the proposal with no great pleasure ;

pleasure; not that he had any aversion to the sex, on the contrary he was rather reckoned what is called a man of gallantry; but I do not know how it was, the idea of marrying had never entered into his head; whether it was that he was so much taken up with the contemplation of the estate, as to have no leisure to think of any thing else; or whether he had so small an acquaintance with the ladies of England, as to have no temptation to an engagement of that kind, I cannot tell; but certain it is, that till the instant his brother mentioned it to him, he never had the least thought of matrimony. It was, therefore, no wonder he hesitated a good deal in his answer; but his brother, who had so great an aversion to distressing any one, that if he was disputing with a weak antagonist, he would more frequently help him to an answer against himself, than triumph over him for wanting one, relieved him at once, by saying, "Nay, "I only mention it on your account, if "you have any objection, I have done, I have "done." The governor, by this time a little recovered from his surprize, told him, that it was a subject which he had never thought upon, and begged a little time to consider of it; asking at the same time, whether he had any particular person in his thoughts. Sir George assured him he had not at that time;

time ; “ but,” said he, (I am afraid he had not a very high idea of the delicacy of the sex upon the subject of matrimony) “ if you
“ are inclined to marry, women are easily
“ found ; you will have a good estate ; and as
“ to Lady Beville, I have taken such care of
“ her, that she will be no incumbrance to you
“ or your family.”

When the governor retired to his evening walk, he began to reflect seriously upon Sir George’s proposal : many were the arguments on both sides of the question which arose in his mind, and much perplexed was he by the debate ; for amongst all his qualities, that of a clear head, which can draw up long arguments upon both sides of a question, state them in due form, and calculate the exact balance between them, was by no means to be found : for which reason, when matters of moment occurred to him, he went a sure way to work, and, by the help of his pocket-book, made a kind of *memoria technica*, by the help of which he reasoned with perhaps at least as much certainty, though not with so much readiness, as he could have done by that which was given him by nature. To this method then he had recourse upon this occasion, and having written down, and well examined, all that occurred to him on both sides of the question, upon casting up the account,

count, he found it amount to a resolution of marrying, but not immediately. As there are some people with whom once to be in doubt is to have resolved, and once to have resolved is to have executed ; so there are others, who doubt even after they think they have resolved, and resolve without ever executing. Governor Beville was one of the latter ; and Sir George, generally speaking, one of the former.

As soon, therefore, as the governor came in from his walk, Sir George addressed him with, " Well, brother, have you thought of my proposal ? " " I have," said the governor, " and as far as I can at present judge, I think it may be a scheme which I shall have no great objection to ; but it is a thing which one ought to consider of pretty seriously." " I thought," replied Sir George, " that you told me you had considered of it. For my part, I think there are but two things to be considered of, one is, whether you shall marry or not, the other is, whom you shall marry. The first you say you have determined upon, and as to the other, I have been thinking since you went out, and I have pitched upon a lady, whom I think, if you have no attachment elsewhere, you cannot dislike." He then named the daughter
of

of a gentleman in the neighbourhood whom the governor had never seen, but whose character he was well acquainted with : “ At least,” continued Sir George, “ you can have no objection to going to see her.” Though the governor did not greatly approve this rapid way of proceedings, he could not reasonably object to the latter part of the proposal ; a servant, therefore, was dispatched to let the gentleman know, that Sir George’s family would dine with him the day but one following. Things were in this situation, when Lady Beville put a stop on a sudden to these proceedings, by declaring herself with child, and that her physician was even of opinion that she was some months advanced in her pregnancy. The joy with which Sir George received this intelligence could be equalled by nothing, unless it was the inward confusion of the governor. I say *inward*, for he took all the pains he could to hide it from Sir George ; and, indeed, succeeded so well, as to have all the appearance of partaking of the general joy which reigned throughout the family.

The gentlemen, however, made the intended visit, though without any intention of prosecuting the scheme which had been the foundation of it : and the governor had some little alleviation of his uneasiness in finding
that

that the lady, notwithstanding his brother's opinion, was such as he should have had a very great objection to marrying; for she had an understanding far superior to his own, a fault very seldom got over, and such a vein of pleasantry, which he called satire, as with his peculiarities would have made him ridiculously unhappy.



CHAP. IV.

The Birth of a Son; and other Matters of importance.

GREAT were the anxieties of both the brothers during the pregnancy of Lady Beville, though from very different motives. Sir George, whose philosophy and love for his brother had so long rode triumphant, that he had almost forgot his longings for an heir; or rather, whose despair of ever having one, had made him search for reasons why he should not wish for it; no sooner saw his hopes revived, than he found all his old desires and prospects of happiness crowd in upon him anew with redoubled force. And such was his joy upon the occasion, so full was his heart with the prospects now opening upon him, that it never once occurred to him, that possibly

possibly his brother might see the affair in a different light. And this blindness of his to every thing but what passed in his own mind, was of singular use to the governor, who would otherwise, with all his caution, have been much perplexed to have avoided betraying some glimpse of his real sentiments. It is probable, however, that the baronet had never discovered his secret, had it not accidentally come into his head, amongst other considerations for the improvement of his estate, which was now become more than ever his favourite object, that it was a long time since the governor had said any thing to him of the farm, about which he had been so earnest before this change of affairs. People who are long before they see a thing, when once it strikes them, see it in the strongest light. From that moment Sir George began to recollect the behaviour of his brother, and every circumstance concurred to convince him that he could not but look upon Lady Beville's pregnancy as a circumstance which, whatever joy it might give to others, must to him be a bar to all his hopes. What was to be done? A delicate mind has other considerations to satisfy than those of justice. Sir George had undoubtedly given him reason to expect to be his heir, conditionally indeed; but still he had room to hope it, and to be mortified at the

the disappointment. It was not in Sir George's nature to give pain without feeling it; he therefore determined immediately to make his brother all the satisfaction in his power for the disappointment he had innocently occasioned him, and accordingly executed his determination in such a manner as the governor either was or ought to have been amply satisfied with. And indeed by the cheerfulness of his behaviour he seemed perfectly happy in his situation, and could enter without constraint into the several plans which the baronet amused himself and him with for the future management of the child which Lady Beville was now every day expected to bring forth.

Sir George's heart it may be easily imagined was set upon having a boy; and the only perplexity with which the governor ever ventured to interrupt his long harangues upon the education and management of his future heir, was by now and then throwing in, "but suppose it should be a girl;" a supposition which seldom failed to change the subject; for as Sir George could not deny the probability of it, so neither could he bring himself to relish it well enough to talk upon it. At length, the long expected time arrived; Lady Beville was taken ill, and Sir George and the governor suffered some hours of more painful anxiety

iety in the library, waiting for the arrival of the happy news, than I hope you, reader, ever did, or may experience : for nothing but the anxiety of a criminal, during those awful moments when the gentlemen of the jury are laying their heads together, ever came up to it.

They sat on each side of the fire, with their eyes fixed to the ground, except when the rustling of petticoats coming down stairs, or a hasty tread of a foot near the door, turned them on each other. Hark !—No !—were all the words which were uttered, and the pulling out of one watch, as the time began to grow tedious, was the repeated signal for pulling out the other. At length the door opened, and the house-keeper presented herself in tears. “ Is “ your lady delivered !” issued from each mouth at the same instant, and with so much vehemence, that both mouths were left unshut after the utterance. “ Yes, Sir,” replied the house-keeper, “ of a fine boy, “ but—” “ Thank God, thank God,” the baronet kept repeating for some time, and the governor was the first who took any notice of the *but* at the close of the speech, and inquired after the health of the lady : not that Sir George was in the least wanting in affection for his wife, on the contrary, never was there a fonder husband ; but the completion of all his wishes, and the absolute downfall of his brother’s

ther's supposition, had for a minute taken such possession of his whole soul, as to leave no room for any other consideration. The hesitation with which the house-keeper appeared to begin her answer to the governor's question, was the first thing that awakened his attention to his wife, and alarmed his fears for her safety; and then a rapid penetration, which, as an * ingenious moralist observes, gives one the idea of prophecy, made him construe the looks of the house-keeper into an affirmation of her being in danger. Indeed he was seldom wrong in his conjectures, the truth of which the house-keeper now confirmed: for indeed the same instant in which his son was born, his beloved and amiable wife breathed her last in the arms of those persons who supported her, and he was thus doomed to purchase his greatest blessing at the price of every thing which till that moment he had held most dear to him. Sir George was a man of warm passions, easily and strongly affected; the governor, therefore, had great reason to expect, as he did, all the frantic indications of misery, natural to a temper almost too violently attentive to its own happiness; but his expectations, however natural, were disappointed: never was a stronger instance of the *ingentes stupent*, than Sir George. He fell

* Mr. Greville. Vide Maxims & Characters.

back into the chair from whence he had risen in his impatience for the news, and remained without sense or motion in so fixed a situation, that there was great reason to be apprehensive for his brain. Nothing seemed to awaken his attention, nothing roused him. In this state he remained some hours, either not hearing or not attending to all the tender applications of his brother and the servants about him. At length a sigh, which seemed almost to burst his breast, made way for a copious flood of tears, which a little relieved him. The governor, whose love for his brother made him solicitous to give him comfort, though his understanding was not sufficient to dictate to him, that at such a time all he could say must have a contrary effect, seized this opportunity of saying something which he thought might relieve his uneasiness; and as he met with no interruption from his brother, who remained sunk in silent woe, he was proceeding in all the pomp of useless reason to shew the folly of grieving for what could neither be foreseen nor prevented, (a doctrine most palpable and obvious to every man in his senses, but which could never yet be comprehended by any one whose reason was over-clouded by some recent affliction,) when the afflicted baronet lifted up his head, spoke not, but gave him such a look as, with the most touching eloquence, convinced

vinced him that nothing could, nothing ought to be urged at such a juncture, when 'grief claims to be indulged both as a relief and a duty.

CHAP. V.

The Plan of Education settled. Sir George's Notion of Music; and the Governor's of various matters.

SIR George's grief was of the kind which usually continues a long time; for passions which gain a vent by complaint, evaporate much sooner than those which, by being partly smothered, prey continually on the mind. Much time, therefore, had elapsed before he began to exert his reason, and become attentive to the many blessings which he still enjoyed. At length, however, time, a much better and surer comforter than the governor, began to restore him to his tranquillity; and the care of his son began to take possession of his thoughts. Lady Beville's name had been Charlotte, and his affection for her memory would have induced Sir George to have called the child after her, had it been a girl; as it was, he contented himself with calling him Charles, which approached the nearest in
found

found to that which he had so often repeated with delight: though the governor, whose exactness took place in every instance more or less, pleaded strongly in favour of either the father's name or his own; and with regard to the name in question, urged frequently the argument formerly made use of to Elisabeth on a like occasion, that none of his kindred were of that name; but Sir George was resolved, and his resolutions were generally put in practice. The first years of little Charles's life were spent much after the usual way of little gentry in his rank of life. Every care that could be taken of an heir so long expected and so dearly purchased, was undoubtedly taken of him; and Sir George had the satisfaction of seeing him get safe over all the numerous accidents by which the texture of so delicate a frame, proportionably more helpless in its infant state than other animals, as it is more noble and perfect in its maturity, is liable to be disturbed. One thing was remarkable in his temper, that from the day of his birth to his compleating his fourth year, he was hardly ever known to cry, or fall into any of those little fits of fretfulness so common in other children. If ever he discovered the least tendency that way, a few bars of any tune sung by his nurse restored his countenance in a moment to that placid serenity which it was observed usually

usually to wear. Sir George, who was a bigot to music, had very early discovered, or at least fancied he discovered, a fondness in the child for every thing that sounded like a musical tone; which indeed was no small addition to his happiness: for he carried his notions so far upon this head, as very rarely to be brought to have a good opinion of the temper of any person who had an aversion to music. The well known passage in Shakespear, which so remarkably favoured his hypothesis, was frequently in his mouth, and he subscribed to the sentiment in its full extent. The governor, whose ears by the way were of a very different texture, used frequently to ridicule this favourite tenet of his brother's, without paying much deference even to the authority of the immortal Shakespear himself; and would sometimes venture to reason upon the absurdity of supposing that a fondness for any particular science, which he imagined to be merely accidental, could have any thing to do with the temper of the possessor: he had no idea that a fondness for, and a susceptibility of, the power of harmony might possibly be the result of a frame of mind more than ordinarily adapted to tender sentiments, or that the very same delicacy of feelings which laid a man open to the power of music, might lay him more peculiarly open to the sentiments of humanity.

This was a refinement in reasoning that lay out of his road, and which was what he had not accustomed himself to pursue. He seldom indeed dealt much in deep speculation, but contented himself with effects, without giving himself much trouble about their causes; for which reason, if he told you he had made an observation, it seldom amounted to more than his eyes or ears had informed him of, and he was contented with knowing the fact, without searching any farther. He was not therefore, with this kind of observation, likely to be able to persuade Sir George out of any favourite notion he might chuse to adopt, but least of all out of a thorough persuasion that a fondness for music both arose from and excited an equability of temper, and argued a mind predisposed to be happy, and consequently in a fair way of generally being so. This was his most favourite tenet, or, to conform to the language of the times, his hobby-horse; which not only the governor, but, to say the truth, many other people thought he rode at an unmerciful rate. It was but seldom therefore that he would condescend to reason upon it; for he knew that none but musical people were likely to be convinced by his arguments, and to convince them was doing nothing: he therefore proceeded to watch and endeavour to trace this qualification

tion in his son's ears, and the governor to doubt whether the child gave any attention to sounds at all. Time, however shewed how justly the baronet had judged of him, and how little they are to be depended on, who determine only from the evidence of their senses.

When little Charles had attained his ninth year, Sir George began to think it high time to begin upon the plan of education he had fixed for him, beyond what he was able to give him himself; though as he spent his whole time with him, he was much more knowing than young gentlemen at that age usually are. The plan had been long determined on, in the course of many conversations between him and his brother, whom he consulted now upon every occasion: not that he either had or expected to have much benefit from his advice, but it was a comfort to him to have somebody to whom he might think aloud; which was generally the case when he and the governor conversed together; as he usually formed the plan, made the objections, and answered them himself, with little more assistance from his brother, than an assent to what he said; except an anecdote concerning any person, or place accidentally mentioned, happened to occur to the governor, which was then sure to be delivered with the greatest circumstantiality of time and incident. Schools of all kinds,

both public and private, Sir George was averse to : he had argued the case pro and con, both with himself and others, several times ; had drawn up the advantages and disadvantages in due form and order, and always found the latter greatly to predominate. This question has indeed been often argued, and I dare say both you and I, reader, have heard the arguments on both sides too often, to have the least inclination to hear them again. Let it suffice therefore to say, that Sir George, who had said and heard as much upon the occasion as you or I or any man, determined to have his son educated at home. The next point to settling what is to be done, is who is to do it ; and this was the point which a little perplexed Sir George, and of course the governor, for they hardly ever disagreed in their sentiments. The younger Clergy have, time out of mind, ingrossed, as it were, the employment of educating such young gentlemen as are kept at home, as, from their own education, being supposed possessed of all that kind of knowledge which is more immediately requisite for that purpose. And as the general mode of education stands at present, they may undoubtedly with justice claim the preference to other professions ; if in no other respect, certainly in that of having most leisure. The phrase *educating youth* seems only to imply, at present, giving

giving them some knowledge of the learned languages, and, if the abilities of the instructors reach so far, some taste for the poetry of the antients, and a small smattering of the history, laws, and customs of Athens and Rome: when they have superficially done this, they sometimes, though rarely, proceed to give them some little insight into the history and constitution of their own country; but as to its customs and manners, the pupil is left to investigate them at his leisure; for there the instructor is but too generally very deficient himself. A knowledge of the world so seldom falls to the share of a tutor, and perhaps, more especially if he is chosen out of that profession which we have already observed furnishes the greatest number of tutors, that when, in consequence of his employment, he follows his pupil into the world, it is oftner the pupil that carries the tutor, than the tutor that carries the pupil. In spite however of these objections, some of which might, and some might not occur to him, Sir George determined to find out some young clergyman who would think it worth his while to quit, for the time, the university, and his cure of no souls, to reside with him, and superintend the education of his son. "I wish," said the governor, as the baronet told him his determination, "that young Quick was in Eng-
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"land."

“land.” “Who was he?” said Sir George.
“Why,” replied the governor, “he was
“my chaplain on board, and I gave him a
“good living in the West-Indies: he would
“have suited your purpose exactly. He was
“one of the cleverest young fellows I ever
“met with; he was so ready, and always
“such good company: he was an excellent
“scholar too, and made a very great figure
“in a pulpit; he always was remarkable for
“judging things in his sermons so apropos,
“that the people of his parish admired him
“vastly. I remember the first sermon I heard
“him preach there, was upon Ash-Wednes-
“day, a very cold day by the bye it was,
“he preached just four and thirty minutes,
“all extempore, except a little bit of paper,
“about the size of my hand: his text was
“out of the Psalms, *I have eaten ashes as if it*
“*was bread*, which was so pat to the day, that
“the congregation conceived an high opinion
“of him from that day. And he answered all
“their expectations. He made the best rum-
“punch I ever tasted in my life.” “I do not
“want,” replied the baronet, smiling, though a
“little impatient, “to have a person who can
“teach my boy to preach extempore, or make
“rum-punch, though they may be very good
“qualifications in a chaplain: I want a man of
“some reading, a competent knowledge of
“music,

“ music, and an excellent temper, and such
 “ an one I have written to a friend of mine
 “ at Cambridge to find out for me with all
 “ the expedition he can. Music I have made
 “ an essential article, and I hope I shall suc-
 “ ceed.” “ Yes, yes, very easily, I make no
 “ doubt,” replied the governor, “ they have
 “ music enough at Cambridge. I remember
 “ when I was there, two-and-twenty years
 “ ago this spring, they carried me to church
 “ to hear nothing but a sermon and a tune
 “ upon the organ, and I am sure the music
 “ was longest.”



C H A P. VI.

The arrival of another Person. His Character.

SIR George's Cambridge friend succeeded so well in his inquiries, that in a few weeks after the receipt of his commands, a gentleman arrived at the hall with a letter, signifying that his name was Norris, and recommending him as a very proper person to have the care of master Beville's education. As this is a gentleman, reader, with whom we are to have a long and intimate acquaintance, it may not be amiss to set out with a few outlines of his character, which was not quite a common one. Mr. Norris, at the time of

his coming into Sir George Beville's family, was in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and fellow of ——— College in Cambridge. He was the son of a clergyman in the North of England, who, having several other children, looked upon the education he had given this, his youngest, as a sufficient provision, and therefore, as soon as he was chosen fellow of his society, fairly washed his hands of him, and left him to make his way in life as well as he was able, and as his father and grandfather had done before him.

Had Mr. Norris lived in an age or country where great and striking abilities were a sure step to preferment, he would, of all men living, have had the least reason to have regretted being left to shift for himself. He had that rapidity of genius, and strength of understanding, which render a man equal to any undertaking; and though he had also, in some degree, that volatile kind of disposition which so often accompanies a lively imagination, and which is perhaps too apt to divert the attention from any work of length or seriousness in the early part of life, yet such was the command which he had of himself, that his imagination never ran away with him, but with the consent of his judgment. Having lived very little out of the university, he was, at the time he came to Sir George's, rather
more

more acquainted with books than with men ; but a natural sweetness of disposition, which made him ever studious of pleasing, gave a politeness and an unaffected civility to his manner, which, joined to his good sense and modesty, rendered him a much more pleasing companion than most men who have studied the artificial good - breeding of the world, which, as it is acquired by art, must always be kept up by design, or else sink into nothing. A man of the world may know how to behave well, but a man ever studious of pleasing, knows not how to behave ill ; or if he should by accident transgress against some established piece of ceremony, *cela ne fait pas son effet*, as La Bruiere says of ugliness in an agreeable man. Mr. Norris had, however, a great share of penetration, and, with a little practice, soon saw very readily into people's characters. He was possessed of a vein of strong humour, which, whenever he pleased to let it loose, bore down every thing before it ; he could extract every particle of the ridiculous from any character, and hold it up in so strong a light, that even the person himself must acknowledge the ridicule to be just. The goodness of his heart kept him from making an ill use of this talent, and prompted him to turn, in a manner peculiar to himself, his humour not upon men, but things ; he would strike

humourous remarks out of objects which would pass intirely unnoticed by a less observing eye; and by this means he turned that talent to the delight of every body, which, in the possession of a man with a worse heart, would have given pain to all his acquaintance round. Arrogance and affectation were the only characters which felt the edge of his satire, and those indeed he seldom spared. With regard to Sir George's favourite knowledge, music, he had made it almost his only amusement, and in the opinion of some over-wise folks, perhaps, too much his study. He was an excellent performer on several instruments, and had with great pains applied himself to the theory of music, which he loved to consider more as a science than as an art. He sung well, had a great fondness for vocal music, and had composed several elegant things in that way. In his person he was tall, genteel in his figure, and rather handsome than otherwise; in his address he was at first a little constrained, but upon a more intimate acquaintance, extremely easy. Such was the person whom Sir George engaged as a tutor for his son. In the evening of Mr. Norris's arrival, the discourse naturally turned upon Sir George's favourite topic, music, and Mr. Norris displayed a taste so exactly corresponding with that of the baronets

ronet, that he won his esteem and confidence in an instant. A similarity of opinions often produces a confidence in a few hours, which any other means would be years in effecting; and there is no amity so strong as that which is founded upon the *idem velle et nolle*. If therefore the baronet was easily taken with Mr. Norris, he in his turn, who presently saw through all the particularities of Sir George's character, found so much good sense and good humour mixed with them, as to have no disagreeable prospect in his situation. The governor for some time a little puzzled Norris's penetration: he was at first tempted to think him, what in fact he was not, a very silly man; but then his sometimes coming out with anecdotes which smacked of observation, with regard at least to matters of fact in common life, presently induced him to change his opinion; and it was not till after many weeks, when the string of stories was beginning to wear out, and some of them to come over again with the same identical circumstances, that Norris found out the real extent of his capacity. The governor's was a character altogether new to Norris, and he took great pleasure in his conversation; for besides the many little histories with which he was furnished, he was intimately acquainted with all the minutenesses which distinguish the do-

metic manners of one nation from another; in whatever country he had been, in the course of his profession, he carried away those little matters which other travellers left behind. If he did not know the mystery of arts and manufactures, or their returns, he knew the apparatus belonging to the carrying them on, the kind of men employed in them, and the dresses they wear in their work. If he could not develope the heart and disposition of a Frenchman, a Dutchman, or a Spaniard, he could describe their dress, from their hat to their shoe-buckle, and tell what time of the day, and in what attitude, they eat, drank, or slept. He had a knife in his pocket which he bought at Madrid, a tooth-pick-case which he found in the street at Leghorn, and a pair of nut-crackers which his servant stole from a fruit-woman at the Hague; every one of which had a separate history belonging to it. All this was a stile so intirely new to Norris, that he was highly delighted with drawing him out: and this attention did not fail to have a correspondent effect upon the governor, who was fond of Norris to the last degree. In this situation the family continued to enjoy as much true comfort as ever family did; and the great pains which Norris took with his pupil, joined to Charles's great natural abilities, produced such improvements in his young mind, as could

not fail to give the baronet the highest satisfaction.



CH A P. VII.

Some Sketches of our Hero's Character.

A GREEABLE circumstances, arising in a disagreeable prospect, convey the greatest happiness that can be imagined. Mr. Norris, to whose turn of mind the educating youth could have no very engaging appearance, was so delighted with the temper, understanding, and genius of his pupil, that all the disagreeable circumstances, which he had figured to himself at entering on his employment, very soon vanished. As young Beville began to grow beyond a child, he shewed such evident marks of a great understanding, such a quickness of apprehension, and such a degree of application to whatever was taught him, as made the business of teaching a very great pleasure. But to say the truth, as what endeared him to his father more perhaps than all his other acquirements, was a strong genius for music, so his greatest merit with his tutor, was a sweetness of temper which nothing could disturb, and a comical archness in his turn of mind which induced him to laugh, even when other boys of his age

age would have been tempted to cry. He was hardly indeed ever seen to cry, except once, when Baker's Chronicle fell upon his head from a shelf; and even then he observed, with the tears running down his cheeks, that he was sorry so silly a book should make so strong an impression upon him. Norris, whose favourite tenet it was, that the only way to pass happily through life was to enjoy the sweet, and laugh at the bitter, took great pains to strengthen his pupil in this kind of *democritical* philosophy, and he found his pains succeed to his wish, for, partly from the placidness of his own natural disposition and partly from the instructions of his tutor, young Beville was observed all through his life to be the least discomposed by cross accidents of any man living. Not that he wanted sensibility; on the contrary, there was no difficulty which he would not undertake, no inconvenience to which he would not submit, to relieve the anxiety of another; he was just as attentive to the interest of others, as he was negligent of his own, and though he could have submitted patiently to any misfortune which could have befallen himself, if there was any thing he hardly knew how to bear, it was the misfortune of another which he could not relieve. With regard to himself, indeed, he had the true philosophy of making the best of every
every

every thing; and when a thing could not be prevented, was sure to find out some reason why it ought not to be otherwise: his philosophy was much of the same cast with that of Sir William Temple's postillion, who when he could not get his boots off, said he knew a better way, which was to go to bed with them on. Indeed nature had spread such a vein of pleasantry through his mind, that it affected more or less every action and pursuit of his life; not only his amusements, but his studies were of the comic kind: Lucian and Plautus were his favourite authors, and he was with great difficulty restrained from turning all the dignity of Homer into a farce; for, though he found no difficulty in understanding him, he had no great taste for his beauties; and the blank paper with which that and most of his books were interleaved, for the benefit of making remarks, he was sure to fill, not with criticisms on the language or poetry, but with droll caricatura figures of the characters; Nestor in a tie wig, Hector like ancient Pistol, and Paris like a dancing master. Norris, though he was sometimes forced to check this love for humour in his pupil, was nevertheless in his heart delighted with it, and comforted Sir George, who was a great admirer of the ancients, and saw Charles's caricaturas in rather too serious a light, with
telling

telling him, that perhaps it was the surest method of shewing, that he entered into the spirit of the story, if not intirely into the beauties of the poetry, for his figures, though in burlesque, were always very characteristic. Sir George was however a little alarmed at his son's turn for humour, as fearing it might arise from want of sensibility, and that if it was indulged too far, it might bring him to make a joke of every thing serious : but in this respect his fears were groundless ; for besides his never being heard to throw the least reflection upon matters of a serious nature, he had often been observed to change his whole manner when religion was the subject of discourse, (a behaviour which he probably learnt from Norris, who, however flighty in other respects, was very strict in his notions on this head,) and to argue very seriously upon some points which nobody would have imagined had ever entered his thoughts. And with regard to his sensibility, the great attention which he always paid to any body in distress, and the smile of approbation which sat upon his face at an account of a generous action, or of scorn at an instance of meanness and dishonour, was sufficient to convince Sir George that his heart was more than ordinarily open to delicate sensations. But an incident, trifling enough in itself, brought however this conviction home to

to the baronet through his favourite channel. In a book belonging to Mr. Norris was a little song of Pergolesi, well known to musical people, the subject of which is, an unfortunate princess complaining of her lover for having forsaken her, *Che non medissi un di*; at the top of which young Beville, who had read the song but never heard it, had drawn a burlesque figure of a girl just upon the point of hanging herself: it happened that this book lay upon the harpsichord open in this place, as Charles was one day waiting in the drawing room for the summons to dinner; and being alone, he began to play a few bars of the song; the air pleased him, and he went on: the great beauty of the expression, the delicacy of the air, so finely contrived to convey the plaintive sentiments of the words, struck him very forcibly, and when he came to the pathetic reflection in the second part, *tutto per lui perdei*, he could contain no longer, but burst into tears; in which situation Sir George found him; nor is it easy to imagine his joy when he discovered the cause of his son's emotion, which he at length, and not without some difficulty, prevailed on him to confess. Sir George told him never to be ashamed of a tenderness so amiable in itself, and excited in so forcible a manner by the power of sounds, which he was very happy to find
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he could not resist. Mr. Norris, to whom the baronet communicated this circumstance of the delicacy of his pupil's sensibility, was equally pleased with it, and the more so, as in him the emotion must be merely the effect of humanity ; " for," said he, " he is too young " to have any idea of the passion itself, much " less of the unhappy circumstances of it which " are the subject of that song ; if not," added he with a sigh, " I should not have " wondered at his being affected by it." The manner in which he spoke this, and the sigh which accompanied it, gave Sir George some suspicion that Norris had met with some disappointment which stuck by him ; and as he had contracted a real affection for him, he could not help having a little curiosity concerning his affairs. When dinner therefore was over, and the servants withdrawn, he took an opportunity of asking him some questions relating to his family, which might lead him to say something of the earlier part of his life, to which however he gave such general answers as would have satisfied the baronet, as they shewed him either that he had nothing particular to relate, or that there were some circumstances of his life which he did not care to enter upon. But the governor, whose ears were always open after a history, was not so easily satisfied ; his curiosity
was

was awakened, and he rather bluntly begged Norris would satisfy it. "Come, come," said he, "there is some mystery about a girl in a corner I am sure, let us have the whole affair." "Indeed, Sir," replied Norris, "there has very little happened to me that can be worth any one's attention, but as you and Sir George have a right to whatever you please to command from me, I am very ready to tell you whatever occurrences I have met with in the very short period in which I have been my own master, for I think that is all which can properly be called a man's life." Sir George and the governor said he would do them a favour, and young Beville got behind him, for fear, as he acknowledged to him in a whisper, he should be tempted to laugh, not at his story, but at the notion of a man's sitting down gravely to tell a history of himself. Norris smiled, and proceeded as you will find in the next chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

History of Mr. Norris.

MY father was a clergyman in the northern part of the kingdom, with very small preferment; and I, being the youngest of seven children, was to be educated in as cheap a manner as was consistent with the design of sending me to the university, in order to proceed regularly into holy orders, for which I was destined even from my cradle, for what reason I never could conceive; for I think there is hardly any mechanic trade which would not have afforded my father a fairer prospect in his views for my benefit; but he was a clergyman himself, and he must have a child of the same profession; my elder brothers would not, my sisters could not, and therefore it fell of course upon me. I was accordingly sent to a school in the neighbourhood, the master of which took a journey on foot, or in the waggon, to London, every Whitsuntide-holidays, on purpose to advertise, that, "At Stonelands, in
" Yorkshire, youth are boarded, educated and
" cloathed, at twelve pounds a year, by Za-
" chary Birch, and proper assistants, [his
" wife and a parish apprentice.] N. B. Mr.
" Birch is in town, and will take the care of
" any young gentleman down;" by which
means

means he sometimes contrived to get his own passage gratis.

To this gentleman's care was I committed, and underwent the usual discipline of the school, namely, cold, hunger, and beating, where I learned too, in the most complete manner, one science more than my father bargained for, which was patience; for what I know, of more use to me than any other thing that I learned there.

At the age of nineteen and a few months I was judged properly qualified for the university, and accordingly I set out for Cambridge in company with a school-fellow of about the same age. We were each of us equipped with a new suit of cloaths, a dozen of shirts, a pair of saddle-bags, and a horse value about three pounds, which we were to sell at the end of the journey, provided they ever reached it, to put us into cash at first setting out, and a letter of recommendation to the tutor of the college we were designed for. We travelled with much pleasure, and not less caution, for the first two or three days, and arrived, without any cross accident, almost at Stamford, which, considering we had neither of us been thirty miles from home, was no ordinary piece of good fortune. It was too good indeed to last all the way, and about half a mile short of Stamford my companion's horse, who began

gan to think the journey past a joke, fell down, and bruised his master's leg in such a manner, that it was with the greatest difficulty that, with my assistance, he reached the town. We applied to a surgeon, who advised my friend by no means to think of pursuing his journey on horseback, and as the landlord of the inn informed us that there was a stage-coach which went through Huntingdon from thence in its way to London, we agreed to go so far in it, make the most of our horses where we were, and get the other sixteen miles from Huntingdon to Cambridge how we could. We applied to our landlord to know if he would buy our horses, to which he readily consented, provided we could agree about the price; we told him we would trust to his honesty, which he himself very highly commended, and we ordered our horses out to be reviewed by him. He gave us some reason to recollect the jockey who bought Gil Blas's mule, for there was not a fault belonging to a horse, it seemed, which our horses had not; at last, however, he agreed to give us rather more than a third of their value, with which we were pretty well satisfied, and we proceeded in the stage the next morning. Our company in the coach consisted of an attorney of London, a lady and her daughter, who were to stop at Huntingdon as well as ourselves, in order to
proceed

proceed into Suffolk, my lame friend and myself. It was dark when we got into the coach, and very little conversation passed till it was day-light: "How do ye do?" and "How do ye do?" passed indeed, and repassed, but we were all too truly English to venture to say more to persons whom we had never seen. At length however, in going slowly up a hill, I ventured to wonder if it was light, and to let down the wooden shutter in order to be satisfied; I had better have let it alone; it was light; and by that light I saw over-against me a face, which several years experience of its deceit has hardly been able to reconcile me to the consigning to oblivion. It belonged to the young lady, who with her mother was travelling into Suffolk. She seemed to be about twenty, tall and well-fashioned, and her face such as it is very difficult to suspect of being a mask; it was so to me at least, who was wholly unpractised in the ways of the world; for I am not sure whether, to a discerning eye, her air and manner, strongly tinged with the levity and coquetry of her heart, would not in some measure have given the lie to the delicate sweetness, and seeming openness of her countenance. To me it had a quite contrary effect; the freedom of her air I construed into good temper, and the levity of her behaviour, almost bordering on effrontery,

tery, into openness of heart. She had a great deal of lively wit, and whenever I began to suspect her a little in my own mind of sacrificing too much in point of good-nature to her vivacity, one look of sweetness made me lose all my reflection, and tacitly ask her pardon for my suspicion. In a word, when we arrived at Huntingdon, which was much sooner than I wished, I found myself in the strangest situation imaginable. I wished to continue in her company, nay, I could not prevail on myself to quit her; and yet one half glance at my situation, the journey I was engaged in, and the purpose I was going upon, so plainly convinced me of the absurdity of such an attachment, as to make me for a moment resolve to fly for it: in short, I was—"Nineteen and a half," interrupted the baronet. "Thank you, Sir," continued Norris, "you have explained the case in a word." The lady saw my situation, and gloried in it. She was too well practised in the ways of the world to be blind to the workings of a young mind, as open and as fit to receive any impressions, especially I am afraid of the tender sort, as she could wish it, and she was too mischievous, as well as too cunning, not to make her advantage of it. She very kindly invited my companion and me, with the approbation of her mother, to visit her at Bury; and,

and, by a look which she gave me at parting, left me fully determined to accept the invitation, as soon as I should be settled in college. My companion, who had enjoyed the greatest part of the way that sleep which the pain of his leg had robbed him of the night before, and whose disposition was not of a nature so sanguine as mine, seemed wholly ignorant of the strange havock which had been made in my mind since we last conversed together; and I had so much dread of his reproaches for indulging myself in thoughts so foreign to our business, that I never mentioned it to him. We procured a passage in a return post-chaise, and arrived at Cambridge in the evening. And here a very new scene was opened to me all at once. The situation of a fresh-man at Cambridge is in my opinion, if he does not happen to come from Eton or Westminster, a very pitiable one. The joy which a lad naturally feels at the first thoughts of being in a great measure his own master, is considerably abated by the many childish distresses to which he is subject. A perfect stranger to the manners and customs of the people and place he is in, he is nevertheless afraid to ask information, for fear of laying himself open to the jokes of those who, proud of the advantage of having been admitted half a year before him, are continually laying traps for the fresh-man, and giv-

ing him false informations, in order to triumph in his ignorance of what it was not possible he should be acquainted with. When a person with a grave face tells me, that on the first day of term it is the custom for all the undergraduates in the university to attend the university-church in their surplices, where is the folly or ridiculousness of my believing him? And yet I do not recollect that I was ever so hurt in my life as at being caught going out of the college-gate so dressed, in consequence of such an information. I have often thought, perhaps too seriously, that trifling as this kind of trap for ridicule may seem, it has, nevertheless, a bad tendency, so far, at least, as it teaches a young man to be suspicious in his own defence, and therefore lessens that confidence in others, arising from an openness of temper and integrity of heart which is most remarkable in young people, and which, however the wickedness of individuals may render it imprudent, must be always amiable. “ I always,” said the governor, “ suspect a man who endeavours officiously to be acquainted with me.” “ I never,” said the baronet, “ suspect any man; if a man shews me he is a rogue, I am convinced: if he gives me any reason to think him one which does not amount to a conviction, I tax him with it, and am generally convinced by his answer

“swer on one side or the other.” “You
“are happy, Sir,” continued Norris, “in a
“penetration which does not suffer you to be
“often imposed upon; but there are some
“characters of such a cast as to elude all pe-
“netration; but as they can only be the re-
“sult of an union between a very good head
“and a very bad heart, thank heaven, they
“are not very common in the world. If it
“did not happen that a bad man generally
“defeats his own purposes, society must be
“very uncomfortable; and therefore I know
“of no crime so dangerous, so detestable in
“its nature, as hypocrisy; it has the compli-
“cated guilt of every crime that it con-
“ceals.” “I fancy,” said young Beville,
“that lady you mentioned just now, was
“an hypocrite.” “Indeed,” replied Nor-
ris, “she was, and the most thoroughly
“so of any person I ever met with; for
“she could not only disguise all her bad
“qualities, but, when it served her purpose,
“all her good ones.”

CHAP. IX.

Conclusion of Mr. Norris's History.

MY business at the university, continued Norris, kept me so fully employed for some months, that I had no time to think of, or rather to execute, my intended visit to Miss Loveill; for as to my thoughts, they were considerably more with her than with my business. However, at the Christmas recess, I found time to go. I was received with great civility both by mother and daughter, and the more so by the latter, as I believe she had given over the thoughts of seeing me; but the consciousness of my being upon the brink of engaging in an affair, which my judgment could not but condemn, threw a damp upon my spirits, and a reserve into my behaviour, which gave her some disgust, and made her exert all her attractions to complete a conquest, which she began to fear was but half accomplished. You will perhaps be surprised that she should take so much pains to create an interest in the heart of a very young man, whose circumstances and connections she was wholly unacquainted with, and so could have no interested views upon. I was very much so myself, for I had by no means vanity enough to think that she could be struck with my person

or address, which at that time had a good deal of rusticity about them, and, when I had power to reflect upon her conduct, this circumstance was of singular use to me in helping me to develope her real character. For the present, let it suffice to say, that she omitted no circumstance that could draw me on to like either her person or her mind, and the pains she took to make herself agreeable to me, joined to the great gaiety of the place I was in, presently got the better of my scruples, and I gave myself up to love and pleasure, with all the eagerness of a young man wholly unaccustomed to both. I declared my passion in form, was received in form, rebuked in form, trifled with in form, and at length made a compleat fool of in form, by a half forced, half voluntary confession, that I was every thing that was, or could be dear to her. I vowed eternal constancy, &c. she smiled in my face and laughed in her sleeve, and so we parted; I to my Euclid and three-penny commons, and she, as she assured me, to sigh till my return: I did not in the least doubt it. Before we parted, we had settled a plan for a correspondence by letters, which were to be sent to a third place, lest they should be seen by her mother, upon whom, according to the account she chose to give of herself, she intirely depended, and who had a great deal in

her power : for her father, whom she chose to have been a wine-merchant in the west of England, had left every thing in his wife's power, supposing the child, with whom she was big at the time of his decease, should prove a daughter, otherwise, the fortune was only to be her's for her life. A story which went down as glibly with me as if it had been in the Bible.—By means of this correspondence, and now and then a meeting for a day or two, we became soon upon the footing of being what is called engaged to each other, with the comfortable prospect, on my side at least, of waiting till a college-living falling to my lot, should enable us to marry, in case that is, that I should have the good fortune to be chosen fellow of the college, which I was not at all sure I should : in that, however, at the proper time I succeeded. You laugh, gentlemen, at such a scheme ; but extravagant as it may seem to you, I assure you there are very few fellows of colleges who have not some such engagement upon their hands. Almost every college-living which becomes vacant, is the means of accomplishing an engagement of twelve, fourteen, or may be twenty years standing ; and many a match is completed in grey hairs and a venerable feather-top grizzle, which was begun in a lapped head and a smart bag-wig. Into this blessed fraternity
of

of contracted fellows had I entered myself, so early in life, as, at a moderate computation, to have a fighting time of at least fifteen years. How truly might I be said to subscribe to that doctrine which teaches, that a state of hope is the happiest of all human situations. And, indeed, I tried it not long enough to prove that it was not so; for my hopes were very soon blasted by an accident which surprised me, if possible, as much as it hurt me. When Miss Loveill and I had been some time in this situation, I was one day looking over the Cambridge Journal, and saw an advertisement, signifying that the monthly assembly at Bury was to begin the next evening for the season. It was near two months since I had seen Miss Loveill, in which interval I had been chosen fellow of the college, and had taken orders: as I happened just at that time to be at leisure, I thought I would take that opportunity of making her a visit; I accordingly went with a friend of mine, who was my confidant. At Newmarket we met with some friends, who prevailed on us to stay and dine with them there; by which means we did not reach Bury till just as the company were going to the assembly, therefore I did not send to Miss Loveill upon my arrival, as I had, moreover, an inclination to surprise her in my clerical dress. When I came into the room, she was

standing with a group round the fire, with her back towards the door; I went behind her, and tapped her on the shoulder, upon which she turned round, and cried, "Is it you?" with so evident a confusion in her countenance, that I had some difficulty in imagining it to be merely the effect of my sudden appearance; as there was nothing new or extraordinary in my being at the assembly, or even in my coming unexpectedly. I however took no notice of it, but asked her to dance; she excused herself for being engaged, as she knew nothing of my coming. I asked who it was she danced with, and she told me it was a stranger, whose name she did not know. Whilst I was talking with her, a person very gaily dressed came up to her, and, with not the air of a stranger, said, "Come, Fanny, don't you dance this dance?" She blushed, and followed him to her place, leaving me to reconcile the manner of his address with the account she had given me of him, as well as I could. It was not to be done without help. At the end of the dance, her partner leaving her to fetch something to drink, I went up to her, and asked her if she had learnt his name. "Not I," cried she, "I wish I could, for he is the most familiar puppy I ever met with." This answer would have had its effect upon me, had not the gentleman unfortunately

fortunately come up and joined us; when the great reserve she put on to me, the number of times she called me *Sir*, added to the great intimacy which the stranger seemed to claim with her, awakened suspicions in my mind which were no more favourable to her character than to my own quiet. I examined from head to foot the person to whom I was indebted for the uncomfortable sensations I underwent; and as I hardly ever stirred from Miss Loveill's petticoat, he was no less curious in examining me. The lady, I believe, was not much happier than I was, and would have wished me to have kept my distance, had not my presence been the only circumstance which prevented her partner asking her a question which she was not, possibly, very well prepared to answer. Some very uneasy hours passed on all sides, and as early as she dared, she pleaded a bad head-ach, and went home, her partner accompanying her; an office I had intended for myself in spite of all opposition, as I was foolish enough to imagine I had the best right to it; but upon my attending her to the door, guess my surprise when I saw him hand her into a very handsome chariot, step in after her, and order the servant home. I had no farther business in the assembly-room, so forgetting my companion, I proceeded to my inn, retired to my chamber, locked the

door, and, after having sat an hour with my eyes fixed upon the fire, went to bed. I did not sleep well, you may easily imagine; indeed I had more than my uneasiness to keep me awake; for in the next room to that in which I lay, separated only by a sliding partition, a party was to sup after the assembly. They arrived soon after I was in bed, with no small noise, and as I was in no very good humour, I abused them in my mind for disturbing me as much as if I had been inclined to sleep; which, however, I did endeavour to do, for no other reason, I suppose, but because I found it impossible. After a great deal of jargon, to which I paid as little attention as possible, one of them cried out, "Here's Fanny Loveill in a bumper; how charmingly she looked to-night." I listened. "Aye," said another, "I suppose we shall lose her now the baronet is returned from abroad." I sat up in my bed. "What will he take her back into Lincolnshire with him again?" cried the first. "Aye, surely," replied the other. "I wonder he did not take her abroad with him, for he is devilishly jealous of her." I got up: things began to wear a very serious aspect. "I wonder how he came to trust her here then," said another. "Though I believe the old woman has kept a pretty good look out for him, for I know many
" people

“ people who have tried to get a footing there,
 “ but without success; and, what is more ex-
 “ traordinary, I do not believe any of the
 “ dowager cats in this town have ever sus-
 “ pected what she is.” “ She has kept very
 “ private,” said the first. “ I do not know
 “ any body that visits at the house, except
 “ a straggling Cantab or two, and they are
 “ more likely to be taken in, than to do any
 “ mischief.” A patriotic young man who
 happened to be in company, apprehending the
 credit of the university to be at stake, took
 fire at this reflection, and deposed upon many
 oaths, that a Cantab was as likely to do mis-
 chief as any other man: though I perfectly
 agreed with him in this opinion, yet I could
 not help wishing that he had taken some other
 opportunity of advancing it, as it broke the
 thread of a discourse which was much more in-
 teresting to me than all the mischief the whole
 university ever perpetrated. All after was riot
 and confusion; I had, however, heard quite
 enough. I sat till day-light, which by this
 time was not far off, ruminating upon what I
 had heard, and endeavouring to account for
 Miss Loveill’s conduct during the whole time
 of my connection with her. I will venture to
 say, an older man with a wiser head, and a
 worse heart, would have explained it in a mo-
 ment; to me it was inexplicable: I measured

her conduct by the rules of justice and humanity ; I might as well have measured milk by the foot-rule : her actions were not squared by those laws. I waited with great impatience for the proper time to pay her a visit, in order to endeavour to get this matter cleared up a little ; and I will venture to say, that, such was my love and her art, had we been left alone for two hours, she would have done it intirely to my satisfaction : but unluckily, circumstances turned out too strong to be contradicted.—About nine o'clock I went to her house, and was informed by her maid that she was not stirring, which I thought likely enough : I went to the coffee-house, and returned between ten and eleven, and was informed she was gone out, which I thought unlikely enough. “ Are you sure,” cried I with some vehemence, “ that your lady is not “ at home, Mrs. Betty ? ” The maid had but just time to answer in the affirmative, before a voice from the parlour called out, “ Who is “ that wants Miss Loveill ? Let them come “ in.” I did so, and found the gentleman, who had given me so much trouble the evening before, and the lady *tête-à-tête* at breakfast ; he was in his night-gown and slippers, and appeared to be just risen. The confusion was pretty great on my side ; the gentleman offered me a chair, and the lady, with a countenance

tenance tolerably composed, told me, that
“ she thanked me for calling for the letter
“ which I had promised to convey to Cam-
“ bridge for her, but that as she had not had
“ time to write it, she had no occasion to
“ trouble me.” Impudence has always an
advantage over innocence: I was so struck
with the matchless effrontery of this speech,
that I neither knew what to answer, nor what
to do. I kept my seat a few minutes, irreso-
lute how to act, and at length got up, took
an abrupt leave, saying it was very well, and
departed, loaded with an awkward confusion,
which, if everyone had had their due, would not
have fallen to my share. I arrived at my inn
in a temper of mind not to be described. One
while I suspected my senses; another I blamed
myself for coming away without an explana-
tion; and determined to go back; but when
I reflected upon the ridiculous figure I must
have made when I was there, and recollected
how fair a pretence she might have for refusing
to see me, according to the light in which I
appeared to her gallant, which was plainly
that of a slight acquaintance, who had under-
taken at the assembly to convey a letter for
her, I presently gave up all thoughts of re-
turning. At last I determined to write to her;
I did; and with as much temper as I was mas-
ter of, expostulated with her upon her con-
duct

duct to me, begged to have it explained, and that she would permit me to see her. You will perhaps be surprised at my condescending to ask an explanation of a conduct, the motives for which I was so well acquainted with; shall I confess my weakness? I was so much wrapped up in this girl, that I could not bear to think her guilty of deceiving me; and I am afraid at that time, though her baseness stared me in the face, I was less inclined to thank my stars that I had escaped her snares, than to envy the baronet, whoever he was, the possession of her, even with all her faults. Strange triumph of passion over reason! But I believe I was not singular. I sent my letter by the waiter of the inn, who brought me word that he had given it to the maid, who had promised to deliver it to her mistress, and bring me an answer as soon as possible. I waited with great impatience till towards five o'clock in the evening, and had almost begun to despair of having any answer at all; when on a sudden the door opened, and in came Miss Loveill herself. I started from my reverie, and before I had power to speak to her, she flung herself into a chair, and burst into tears. A good orator in a bad cause will always raise such images in the minds of his audience, as are most likely to predispose them to favourable sentiments. The strongest figure in female rhetoric to excite com-

compassion is a flood of tears, and this generally
 therefore precedes the confession of a fault,
 as a preparatory circumstance to soften the
 heart of the injured person, and open, as it were,
 the passage from justice to mercy. Miss Love-
 ill was too good an orator to omit this circum-
 stance, and it had its full effect upon me: I
 could not help for a moment forgetting my
 wrongs and endeavouring to sooth her; I took
 her hand, pressed it to my lips, and begged her
 to be calm. "You see before you, Mr. Nor-
 ris," cried she, "one of the most unhappy
 " women that ever existed." I told her I
 hoped not, I hoped she might still be happy;
 I knew not what I said, her head lay upon
 my shoulder, and her tears wetted my cheek;
 to have seen her in such an attitude four-and-
 twenty hours before, would have driven me
 to distraction. "O never! never!" cried she.
 "Cruel, cruel Burton, to rob me of all hap-
 " piness in myself, and put it out of my
 " power to give it to another! O Mr. Nor-
 " ris, fly me, this instant fly me! I have in-
 " jured you in the tenderest part, I have
 " stolen your love, and repaid you with what
 " was not mine to pay; that man whom
 " you saw with me, is master of me and all
 " I have: but he shall not enjoy his power,
 " never will I survive the moment that forces
 " me from you." I was affected; she saw it,
 and

and that was all her aim. I endeavoured to soothe her, and soon succeeded. She was presently collected enough to let me into her history, which was, that her father dying when she was very young, had left her mother and all her affairs in the care of the father of this Sir William Burton; that her mother dying soon after, the woman she now called so being no more than a servant of Sir William's, she had been brought up in Sir William's family; that he had entertained a fondness for her from the time they had been children together, and at last, under a promise of marriage (without doubt) debauched her; that she had lived with him some years, had had one child by him which was dead, and that upon his going abroad at the time I first met with her, she was sent under the care of a trusty servant to board at this place, till his return. She assured me she was heartily unhappy in her situation, that she was shocked at the thoughts of continuing in such a life, and confessed that her design in forming a connection with me at first, in which she had prevailed on her governante to acquiesce, was to marry before Sir William's return, in hopes that when he found she was actually married, he would have given up all farther thoughts of her, and have made such a provision for her as might have enabled her to pass the remainder of her life in comfort.

fort. She then proceeded to assure me that the real affection she had contracted for me was the only consideration which had prevented her pressing me to marry immediately ; but that though her whole happiness depended upon it, she could not bring herself to put so great a deceit in practice against me ; that she had determined to open the whole affair to me, had not the unexpected arrival of Sir William prevented it by this discovery. She then proceeded to use every argument she was mistress of to induce me to marry her, and depend upon Sir William's generosity for providing handsomely for us.—I was young, and I was in love ; but the barefacedness of this proposal opened my eyes : I fired, and with great warmth, and all the dignity of innocence, upbraided her with the scandalous part she had acted, and concluded with determining never to see her more, and demanding a restitution of all the letters which I had written to her. She heard me through with great composure, and though she found my reason was too much roused to be easily laid asleep at that time, yet, as she had discernment enough to see that disappointment had no small share in my resentment, she thought it prudent to make use of some contrivance to prevent, if possible, my putting my resolution of never seeing her more in practice. With an
air

air therefore of indifference, which amazed me from the suddenness with which it was assumed, she told me, that “ she was sorry I saw the
“ affair in so heinous a light, that if I was re-
“ solved not to marry her, she could not help
“ it, but that as long as she had in her posses-
“ sion such a legal tie upon me as many of my
“ letters gave her, she should not be prevail-
“ ed upon to part with them, that at least
“ she might not have the mortification of
“ seeing me married to another.” This was new, this was unexpected; I felt too much to speak; I gave her a look which I intended should convey as much contempt and abhorrence as possible, but which I believe did convey nothing but the true picture of amazement, and left her without speaking a word, got into a post-chaise, and returned directly to Cambridge. Since which time I have used every art in my power to make me forget that part of my life; and by means of a good natural flow of spirits, and a thorough thankfulness for the escape I have had, I have so far accomplished my aim, as to feel no uneasiness, at least from the recollection of it. I have not yet recovered my letters, but I do not doubt but I shall be released from one engagement at least as soon as I shall want to enter into another, so give myself very little trouble about them.

CHAP. X.

*Remarks on Mr. Norris's History; and the End
of the first Book.*

VARIOUS were the reflections which each of the auditors made upon Mr. Norris's history. Sir George and the governor both imputed his having been deceived in so gross a manner by Miss Loveill to his youth and inexperience of the world, but from different principles, and each of them thought, that had he been in Norris's place he should have escaped the snare, but by very different means. The baronet placed all his security in his penetration; of which, as well as his philosophy, he possessed a great deal, and boasted a great deal more; insomuch that he would sometimes say that he was never mistaken in the true character of any person, with whom he had conversed for a day, in his life. The governor on the other hand, who had no penetration at all, had substituted for it, what Mr. Greville calls that fatal error of contracted minds, indiscriminate suspicion, in which he placed the whole of his security, and an universal exercise of which he called wisdom. "I think," said Sir George, "you was a little deficient in point of sagacity with regard to this girl. Was there no one circumstance
" which

“ which could lead you to a knowledge of her
 “ character ? Was she always so much upon
 “ her guard, that no circumstance would hap-
 “ pen to contradict itself ? Such girls in ge-
 “ neral are very easily seen through.” “ O
 “ Sir,” replied Norris, “ she had an openness
 “ in her manner, a frankness which baffled
 “ all suspicion.” “ I always,” said the go-
 “ vernor, “ suspect those very frank people ;
 “ I observe people are seldom very communi-
 “ cative themselves, but with a view to pick
 “ something out of you ; I should have sus-
 “ pected her for receiving me so civilly, and
 “ being so fond of a stranger ; I am sure I
 “ should have found her out by that.” “ What
 “ say you to it, Charles,” cried Sir George ;
 “ should you have acted as Mr. Norris did ?”
 “ I hope I should, Sir,” replied he ; “ for I
 “ am sure I should not have seen farther into
 “ the lady’s character than he did ; and I am
 “ sure it is better to be sometimes deceived,
 “ than always suspicious.” “ You will think
 “ better some time hence,” said the governor.
 “ I rather hope he will never think other-
 “ wise,” said Norris. “ I cannot think that
 “ prudence, in the general acceptance of the
 “ word, has so much to boast of as it seems at
 “ first sight to have ; as long as it acts merely
 “ upon the defensive part, it certainly is not
 “ only justifiable, but, in the present situation
 of

“ of things, almost necessary; but how shall
 “ we determine the bounds of a self-defending
 “ prudence! How shall we be sure, that what
 “ at first sight seems prudence, may not, when
 “ it comes to be examined, turn out to be in-
 “ justice? There seems to me to be less pride
 “ than folly in being ashamed of having been
 “ deceived; for it more generally argues an un-
 “ designing integrity of heart, than a weak-
 “ ness of head. How infinitely happier am I,
 “ governor, in having been deceived, than I
 “ should have been if I had suspected an in-
 “ nocent person of a bad intention! How un-
 “ comfortable must be the reflection of hav-
 “ ing acted with a blameable caution, and
 “ what is called a prudent fear of being de-
 “ ceived by a person, who in the event proves
 “ to have deserved our utmost confidence!
 “ This is the worldly wisdom, which is hardly
 “ ever acquired but with the loss of some
 “ amiable qualification: this is the prudence
 “ which is the offspring of money, trade and
 “ commerce, and which keeps men in a con-
 “ tinual state of warfare with each other;
 “ every man lives inclosed in a fortification,
 “ and in the continual fear of an ambuscade.”
 These notions were quite new to the governor,
 and even Sir George thought Norris carried
 his refinements rather too far; but the upright-
 ness of his heart was always so conspicuous in
 every

every thing he said or did, that Sir George was greatly prejudiced in favour of any tenet of his, though, at first sight, he might think it rather carried to excess. He therefore always advised his son not to pay attention only to any one particular notion of his tutor's, but to trace it to its original source, and see the relation which it bore to the general tenor of his conduct and opinions, "and then," said he, "you will find that he seldom thinks differently from the rest of the world, but when he thinks better than they do; and that he has a right to regulate his actions by his own opinions, because he proves that he dares submit to the inconveniences which will sometimes be the consequence of a right conduct; and depend upon it, whoever suffers for having acted according to the dictates of his own conscience, rather than the opinions of the world, will have a comfort which nothing can rob him of, and of which he who injures him is very little aware."

END of the FIRST BOOK.

B O O K II.



C H A P. I.

*A Word in favour of introductory Chapters.
Some Thoughts on Imitation and Imitators.*

THE ingenious Mr. Henry Fielding, whose memory ought to be as dear to every novel-writer, as his authority ought to be respectable, has declared these introductory chapters, one of which he has prefixed to each book of his history of a Foundling, to be essentially necessary to this species of writing. It is therefore with infinite concern that I see my brethren in this trade fly in the face of an authority so sacred, and venture to thrust their crude productions into the world, not only without these passports, but even without a preface, introduction, address to the reader, or sometimes even a modern advertisement. I am aware that the generality of them will plead, that they are enlisted under another master, and therefore are not under any necessity of conforming to his rules; that by throwing
their

their materials into the form of letters, they confess themselves disciples of Mr. Richardson, and so, in imitation of their master, have a right to begin in the middle of their history, without ceremony open half a dozen characters upon you at once, and leave you to find out who they are as you can. Now though this desultory manner of writing may be very new, and very convenient, yet I must acknowledge, that the authority of Mr. Fielding seems to deserve a little more respect; and in this particular of introductory chapters more especially, because he has vouchsafed to give us a reason for the institution, which, in my opinion, seems to put the utility of it out of all manner of doubt. He seems to have been aware that a great many writers would, in after-times, set up for imitators of his manner; some of whom might possibly venture to attempt it without one necessary qualification for the undertaking. As therefore those parts of a history which contain mere narrative, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than those which are composed of observation and reflection; he thought it possible that many might think themselves capable of the former, who had not the least pretensions to abilities for the latter: he therefore instituted these chapters, in order to secure himself from such imitators as were

were utterly incapable of reflection, and whose learning was not at least equal to an essay : from such imitators, in short, as Horace hints that some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and four faces.—Now, though I would by no means be thought to insinuate, that the generality of modern novellists chuse to flight this institution from any consciousness of being unable to conform to it ; or that finding it a stumbling block in their way which they could not easily surmount, they therefore chuse to inlist under another master, who does not put them to such hard service ; yet there may be people ill-natured enough to make such a conclusion. However that may be, although no man can more truly say of himself *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri* than I can, I have, nevertheless, determined to keep up to this institution, that if any ingenious critic should find out, and I should be obliged to acknowledge, that I am an imitator of Fielding, I may have it to say, that I did not decline following his steps through the most difficult part of his method.

And here I cannot help saying a word or two in favour of imitators in general ; a set of people whom, ever since Horace gave them the degrading title of *servum pecus*, the world have loaded with every sort of infamy. In

which they sometimes are not only guilty of great injustice, but also act very much against their own interest. If a man is so happy as to succeed in any new kind of writing, the public are not contented with bestowing on him the encomiums he deserves, and applauding him for having outdone all his predecessors; but they go farther, and venture to prognosticate that no one of his successors will ever come up to him; and that in a manner so decisive, as is sufficient to discourage any similar genius from exercising his talents in the same way. Many a man therefore, who might have succeeded very well in a way which his genius prompted him to pursue, is discouraged from the attempt, by seeing the walk already occupied by another, whom the public have already declared to be inimitable, and therefore will think themselves bound to discourage every one from endeavouring to imitate: the poor man therefore, rather than proceed in a road where his work is already condemned, turns out of it into some other path to which his genius never did lead him, and where he deservedly meets with that contempt which candour would have exempted him from in the other. By which means the public lose the entertainment which, with proper encouragement, he might have afforded them.

Hence

Hence it is that we find even men of genius stretching their imagination to the very verge of folly, for something new and uncommon. Where a writer happens to have a natural and inexhaustible fund of humour, he may very often succeed in his design of making his readers laugh, by some trick or other, which, in another man, would have been insupportable : a black page, a white page, or a marble page, has done it. But this is a talent which is seldom to be met with ; and is perhaps the only one which is, strictly speaking, inimitable ; such eccentric geniuses move in an orbit of their own, for others to gaze at. But when a moderate man is driven away by the popular cry after novelty, he generally leaves behind him those materials from which he might have afforded entertainment, without overtaking those which he is in pursuit of.—Let not therefore a moderate genius be too much ashamed of a guide ; a good imitation is often not inferior to a tolerable original, and always superior to a bad one. But then let him take care to look at something more in his model than the particularities, or, it may be, the faults of it : let him imitate the virtues of Cato as well as his austerity ; and have ever in mind what Swift said of Rowe's Jane Shore ; “ I have seen,” says he, “ a play written “ in professed imitation of Shakespear,

“ wherein the whole likeness consisted in one
“ line,

“ And so good morning to you, good Mr.
“ Lieutenant.”

These are the imitators which answer to the *servum pecus* of Horace, and which Fielding meant to guard himself against, by planting an essay at the entrance of each book of his history like a guard at the door; hinting by that, that no man should attempt to arrive at writing history, without taking observation and reflection in his way. From these alone is to be derived the first requisite for a history of this kind, whose materials are not drawn from records, which is usually called invention; which word, however, according to the usual acceptation of it, is more applicable to the old romances, written in the ages of knights-errant, four handed giants, distressed damsels, enchanted castles, dwarfs, and white palfreys; all which, according to the usual acceptation of the word invention, might be properly enough said to take their rise entirely from the imagination of the historian. But in such histories as these, where the materials are drawn from nature, the invention of the historian means nothing more than the discoveries which he has been able to make of the
manners

manners of mankind, by the help of his observation and reflection. The ranging and bringing together of which discoveries, and thereby forming a plan in which the incidents may follow naturally ; and the delivering them in a correct, but easy stile ; are the parts of this kind of writing, which require some judgment, and perhaps a little learning to be added to the invention of the author. It would therefore be worth a man's, or a woman's while to sit down and consider before they begin, whether they have any materials for writing at their command, more than such as are to be purchased at the stationers ; and any other talents for it than such as are taught by the writing-master : if, upon a fair examination of themselves, they find that they have neither observation nor genius sufficient to qualify them for original composition, they may in the next place consider whether they have reading and understanding sufficient, together with taste enough to distinguish faults from beauties, to qualify them for imitation : if their candour cannot allow even that ; why then, in the name of Apollo and the Nine Muses, let them be content to continue courteous readers, and shew the world, that if they have not wit enough to speak, they have judgment enough to hold their tongue.

C H A P. II.

Mr. Beville restrains his Inclination for going abroad. Declines going to the University. The Family arrives at Bath.

NEVER was happiness more complete than that which Sir George Beville enjoyed from the growing accomplishments of his son.

Mr. Charles Beville, who had now attained his twentieth year, was indeed in every respect such a son as must give the highest satisfaction to a parent: his understanding, his abilities, his temper, his manners, his person, such as made it impossible to know him, and not esteem him. What joy to a father whose fears were in continual agitation, lest the child of his prayers, the son he had so ardently wished for, should turn out in such a manner as to make him rather reproach heaven for its bounty. Far otherwise was the case with regard to Mr. Beville; his real virtues endeared him to his friends, and that never failing charm, a constant cheerfulness, to his acquaintance. The great progress he had made

made in all branches of polite literature, together with the taste he had cultivated for painting and music, made him very solicitous to visit those countries, of whose productions he had read and heard such alluring accounts, and to judge for himself how far they ought or ought not to be preferred to his own : a tour to France and Italy was the constant object of his wishes. But the baronet, who found himself growing old apace, and who was too much wrapped up in his son to bear the thoughts of parting with him for such a time as might make it probable that he might never see him again, took great pains to prevail on him to stay a few years longer, and visit every part of his own country before he set out upon a tour, from which he rightly imagined he would daily find fresh objects to prevent his wishes to return. Sometimes he would propose to him to pass some time at one of our own universities ; but this was a proposal which Mr. Beville by no means relished. What was his particular reason, I never could with certainty learn, but he never heard it mentioned to him to spend some time at Oxford or Cambridge, in order to learn any thing there which he could not have opportunities of learning any where else, without a smile, which betrayed something very like contempt. Whether Norris had acted the

part of an undutiful son to his alma mater, and had represented the mode of education in the university in no very advantageous light to his pupil; or whether the observations which he himself made during the time of his visits at each university had tended to prejudice him against them, I cannot tell, but certain it is that he had no great opinion of either of them, and even went so far as to declare, that he could find no advantage to be gained from an university-education, but what might with more ease and less risque be gained elsewhere, except a man was designed for some profession which might make it necessary for him to have a right to place A. M. or LL. B. after his name. Sir George, who, to say the truth, entertained an opinion of the mode of education pursued in the universities very little better than that of his son, and who had no other view in the proposal than the hope of, by that means, detaining his son in England, never offered to force his inclination. That scheme then was entirely laid aside: and Mr. Beville, who easily saw his father's drift in proposing it, determined to quit for the present all thoughts of going abroad, and content himself with seeing every part of England, and paying such attention to whatever was worth notice in his own country, as to be no incompetent judge of its comparative merit whenever

whenever he should have an opportunity of visiting others. With this view he made several tours in company with Mr. Norris, and was just returned from an expedition into the northern part of the kingdom, when an accident turned his steps westward. An attack of the gout in the stomach, which happened to Sir George, alarmed him and the whole family, and made it necessary for him to go to Bath; and as none of the family but himself had ever been at that seat of gaiety, they were very glad to accompany him thither. Accordingly Sir George, the governor, Mr. Beville, and Norris set out, and proposed spending the greatest part of the winter there. They arrived safe at the Tons, and Mr. *Phillot* procured them lodgings the next morning after their arrival on the South-parade.

CHAP. III.

Amusements of Bath. The Happiness of being easily pleased. Mr. Beville rescues a Man who had committed an extraordinary Theft.

BATH is, without exception, the most delightful place in this, or, perhaps, any kingdom, for people who have nothing to do, and no inclination to do any thing. And even for those whose more active turn of mind will not suffer them to sit all day poring upon a news-paper, shuffling a pack of cards, or rattling a dice-box, it is not without its charms: for though the general business of the place be dissipation, and seemingly unfit therefore for people of a speculative turn of mind, yet it is always so fertile in characters, and so full of incident and adventure, that the speculatist need never want employment, nor even the student amusement. It was therefore likely to prove an agreeable residence to the whole Beville family. Sir George paid such attention to the main end of his journey thither, that the gout was very soon removed
from

from the stomach to his hand, and within a few days after his arrival he was able to enjoy the amusements of the place. Mr. Beville can by no means be supposed to have been at a loss for his amusements, as Bath may undoubtedly be called the peculiar element of a gay young man of one-and-twenty, with a disposition both to give and receive happiness, and a natural love for whatever carried a cheerful appearance. Mr. Norris, besides his usual amusements of riding and walking, had the bookseller's shop, and one in which he took more delight than in all the rest, and which he enjoyed here in the highest degree of perfection, which might be called character-hunting. There was no knowledge that he was so inquisitive after, as the finding out and tracing those little characteristic particularities which distinguish one man's turn from another, and he could not fail of finding game enough for this kind of hunting in a place so abounding with all sorts of men and women as Bath usually does. The governor's amusements lay in a narrow compass, and indeed centered chiefly in that supreme delight of men of the anecdote cast, the coffee-house. Sir George indeed was a constant attendant at *Morgan's*, but the game he sought there was politics; the governor's was any thing new; and in this he had greatly the advantage of

his brother. Sir George, for instance, was happy if he happened to drink his coffee in the same box with a sensible man, who talked rationally, and of his own side of the question, upon the affairs of the nation, or shewed a knowledge of the world in general : but the governor was as happy if he drank his *Doctor* next to a man who talked to him upon any thing, either his own, or any body's affairs ; or shewed him a new Bath ring, or a seal cut at *Wicksteed's* machine, or any other matter ; and the joy which the baronet received from a decisive battle in Germany was conveyed to the governor by a battle between two chairmen at the corner of Wade's passage. Happy the man whose amusement depends upon trifles ! whose curiosity keeps such an even pace with the common occurrences of life, as to bid fair for being satisfied without much trouble. Such a man has perhaps few high enjoyments, but then he escapes many, many bitter disappointments, and hardly knows the meaning of the French word *Ennui* ; for at the worst his window is a never-failing source of speculation ! As the governor was one day applying to this succedaneum to reflection at the coffee-house, he saw a croud of people who were hurrying a poor man through the Grove, with all that malicious glee which the common people of England shew in persecuting

ing

ing a wretch who happens to have the misfortune of being detected in committing perhaps a less crime than half of his persecutors are guilty of every day of their lives. Cry but a pick-pocket, and, by the alacrity of the mob to secure him, you would imagine that the whole nation held the least act of fraud in the most utter detestation; lay yourself but the least open to imposition, and you will find so many ready to make their advantage of it, that you would imagine justice was never heard of in the land. The poor fellow whom the mob were hurrying on to the house of the mayor, seemed about thirty years of age, lean and sickly in his look, but yet shewed some remains of gentility in his air, even under these horrid circumstances; and the governor's accuracy of observation, always attending to the minutiae, made him take notice that his stockings, though full of holes, were of silk, and that his coat retained the marks of having once been honoured with a lace. Upon the strength of this observation, he immediately concluded that the fellow was some broken kind of gambler, who had been reduced too low for the dice to assist him, for want of a stake to play for, and so had been obliged to have recourse to a kind of robbery more dangerous to himself, though less so to society. Having thus settled the matter with himself, he

was

was shutting the window, when he was surprised with a voice which he thought sounded like his nephew's, exclaiming in the midst of the croud, with great vehemence, "What has he stolen? What has he taken?" This was a question to which he (for it was really Mr. Beville) found much difficulty in procuring an answer; for the greatest part of the mob hardly knew which was the criminal, much less of what he was accused. Mr. Beville at length burst through the croud, and stopping the poor man, asked him what he had done. One of the foremost of the mob, who had hold of his arm, said, "Please your honour, he has stole something out of a shop." "But what?" cried Mr. Beville. "Please your honour," replied the fellow, "there were some children at breakfast in a shop, and one of them cried out, He has got it, and so I saw this fellow run out of the shop with his hand in his pocket, and so I laid hold on him to carry him before the mayor." "Good God!" cried Mr. Beville, "carry him before the mayor, when no-body accuses him! Where is the man of the shop? Has he lost any thing?" "Please your honour, I knows nothing of the matter," said the fellow; "but the children said he had got something." "Friend," said Mr. Beville to the poor man, "have

“ have you taken any thing out of this shop ?”
“ Yes, Sir,” replied he. “ Why then,” said Mr. Beville, “ did you call to me for assistance, and say you was an innocent person ?” “ What I have taken, Sir,” said he, “ is in this pocket ; you cannot mistake it, for there is nothing in any of the others.” Mr. Beville put his hand in the pocket, and pulled out—two little pieces of bread and butter : he turned up his eyes ; and the poor wretch gave him such a look, as presently convinced him of the nature of the theft. Mr. Beville presently assured the populace that the man was innocent of any crime, and they as readily took his word as they had done the children’s, and dispersed. He then took the man into a private room in the coffee-house, to examine into the circumstances of a distress which could force him to commit so extraordinary a robbery. The poor wretch fell on his knees, and most sincerely thanked him for his rescue : “ Indeed, indeed, Sir,” cried he, “ I am unhappy, but not culpable ; what I did was merely from necessity ; I have not eaten one morsel for these two days past.” “ How came it then,” said Mr. Beville, raising him from the ground, “ that you put this small relief for your hunger into your pocket ? Why did not you devour it rather the instant you
“ took

“took it?” “O Sir,” replied he, “I was carrying it—” here he burst into tears—“I cannot tell you, Sir, where I was carrying it; but I never intend to eat a morsel till I have carried something there.” Where?” cried Mr. Beville eagerly. “Have you a wife, a child?” “God knows,” replied the poor wretch, lifting up his eyes; “God knows if I have or not; I had three hours ago both, but whether they are yet alive, I cannot tell: had I been able to have procured them any thing for their relief, I had not been so long absent; but why should we die looking upon one another?” Mr. Beville was moved, his eyes glistened, and he rather abruptly gave the poor man a guinea, and told him to meet him there in the evening.

The poor fellow was again on his knees, but Mr. Beville turned from him and left him. It was not immediately that he was able to go into the public coffee-room. In about a quarter of an hour he joined Sir George and the governor, who with the rest of the company were rather impatient to know the man’s history. “If there is any thing,” said Mr. Beville, “that can excite one’s compassion in a more than ordinary degree, it is the sight of a man made not only unfortunate, but even guilty in spite of himself:

“if

" if I am not mistaken in this poor fellow,
 " it is compassion for the sufferings of others,
 " more than the pressure of his own necessities,
 " great as they appear to be, that induced him to commit even the appearance
 " of a crime. I have not enquired particularly into his case, but I shall in the
 " evening, and if he has not deceived me,
 " he is an object of great compassion."
 " Young gentleman," said an old man who sat
 reading the Gazette in one corner of the room,
 with a tarnished laced waistcoat and an ivory
 headed cane hung to his wrist by a greasy
 leather thong, " if you believe every fine story
 " that every fellow you pick up in the street
 " tells you, you will have enough to do, I
 " promise you. They are all objects of com-
 " passion, if you believe them; though if the
 " truth was known, one half of them de-
 " serve to be whipped." " And what, Sir,"
 said Mr. Beville, " may the other half de-
 " serve?" " Why, if one could distinguish
 " which was which," replied the old gentleman,
 " may be some of them may deserve to
 " be relieved; but that is very difficult." " It
 " may, Sir," replied Mr. Beville, " but not
 " impracticable; and believe me, the man
 " who checks the inclination which he feels
 " in his breast to do a humane action, from a
 " fear of being imposed on, but little deserves
 " to

“to have opportunities of doing good thrown
“in his way.” “Opportunities of doing
“good!” muttered the old gentleman. “Yes,
“Sir, opportunities of doing good,” replied
Mr. Beville. “Believe me, Sir, opportunities
“of making people happy, are not so frequent
“as you may imagine; and if you have a good
“heart, you will find that there cannot be a
“greater punishment for having neglected one,
“when it was in your power, than to be sen-
“sible of your neglect, and not easily find
“another.” “I hope, Sir,” said the stranger,
with a contemptuous sneer, “that you have
“a good estate.” “Yes, Sir,” replied the
baronet, who had listened to the conversation
with infinite pleasure, “my boy has a good
“estate, and thank God he has a heart and an
“understanding which will lead him to make
“a good use of it.” The old gentleman stared
at Sir George, and returned to his Gazette.

C H A P. IV.

More of Mr. Norris's Reflections upon Prudence.

He meets with an old Acquaintance, who relates his History.

THE gentlemen retired to dress, and Mr. Beville went immediately to Mr. Norris's apartment, whom he found just returned from his ride. He told him the adventure he had met with, and received the greatest pleasure he could receive, the applause of his friend for the part he had acted, and for the humanity and justice of his sentiments in his conversation with the old gentleman at the coffee-house. "Is it impossible," cried Norris, "for a man to live sixty years in the world without losing that amiable tenderness which almost every young man feels for objects in distress! Does the ill-behaviour of some individuals necessarily produce in men, who have been much conversant in the world, that hard callous way of thinking which is so erroneously called prudence! How rare is it to meet with a man who has lived much in the world, who has not persuaded himself that caution is always the result of wisdom!

"I

“ I dare swear, that that man you met with at
“ the coffee-house never tastes any pleasure
“ pure and unmixed, because he always sus-
“ pects, that he is imposed upon in some shape
“ or other. If his wine is palatable, he says,
“ Aye, it is a pretty good mixture, but it is not
“ genuine; these dogs, Sir, write neat as im-
“ ported, as a custom-house officer takes an
“ oath for form’s sake;” if he sees a fine wo-
“ man, he says, “ Ten to one but she is
“ painted, if you was near enough to see it;”
“ if he is shewn a fine horse, he says, “ Aye,
“ these jockeys, Sir, can make them do just as
“ they think proper, and look just as fat or as
“ lean as they please; when he comes to work,
“ he may be quite another thing.” And thus
“ does he go on sacrificing all his enjoyments
“ to his prudence, and has no satisfaction left,
“ but that of having it said by people as wise as
“ himself, “ That Mr. Such-a-one is a very
“ sensible man, and not easily imposed on.”
“ By any body,” said Mr. Beville, “ but him-
“ self.” He then informed his friend that he
had engaged to meet the poor fellow at the cof-
fee-house in the evening, and desired him to ac-
company him; to which he very readily agreed,
and they parted till dinner. After dinner the ba-
ronet and the governor adjourned to billiards,
and Mr. Beville and Norris strolled upon the
Parade, enjoying the prospect which is from
thence

thence rich beyond description, and conveys in its full force the striking effect, which is always produced by fine stone buildings rising amongst wood, Norris was pointing out to his friend some beauties he had discovered in his morning's ride, when the latter happening to turn his head, saw the poor object who had been his morning's entertainment, for surely relieving a heart-felt distress is an entertainment of no mean kind, turning the corner into *Pierpoint* Street with a quickness in his step which made him seem impatient to gain some less frequented part of the town. Mr. Beville called to him, and he approached with all that bashful glow in his face which arises from a mixture of confusion and gratitude. He had hardly time to say something to him by way of encouragement, before his attention was called off to Mr. Norris, who exclaimed with great eagerness, "Good God, is it possible! can your name be Barker?" "Indeed, Sir," replied the poor man, "it is. Can you, Mr. Norris, have the generosity to acknowledge me in this distressed situation?" Mr. Beville saw the scene was growing too interesting for public view, so hastened them both to his lodgings, where Mr. Norris and the stranger had liberty to indulge the various emotions which this meeting produced in each of them. "I fancy Mr. Norris," said the stranger,

stranger, "you little expected to meet the once
" gay Jere Barker in this situation. Alas ! I
" little expected ever to have felt it ; but I
" thank God I have nothing to reproach my-
" self with ; and I trust from this gentleman's
" bounty I may still live to see better days.
" O, Sir," continued he, addressing himself
to Mr. Beville, "you know not ; pardon me,
" I cannot restrain my tears ; you know not
" what ease you have given to two hearts al-
" most broken." Mr. Beville begged him to
compose himself, and asked in what condition
he found his family at his return. "They
" are alive, Sir," replied he. "My wife, my
" child, are alive ; my poor Charlotte is at
" this time divided between her prayers for
" your happiness, and for the life of her in-
" fant ; may heaven grant the one, though it
" should deny the other." Mr. Norris then
begged his friend to give him some account of
this strange reverse in his situation, since he
left him a gay fellow-commoner at the univer-
sity. "My story, Sir," replied he, "is very
" short, though not the less miserable.
" My father, to whose peculiarities you,
" Mr. Norris, are no stranger from the ac-
" count you have heard of him, at the time
" of my leaving the university, was willing to
" settle me happily in the world, and to that
" purpose thought, that in proposing to me
" an

“ an alliance with a young lady of great for-
 “ tune, he offered me every thing that was
 “ necessary. He argued, from the greatness
 “ of his estate, that I had a right to demand
 “ a suitable fortune with a wife. Alas ! I saw
 “ with different eyes, and, from the same ar-
 “ gument, drew a very different conclusion,
 “ that money was not so essential a point for
 “ me to look for in a wife, as it would have
 “ been if his estate had not been so large.
 “ The person he recommended to me had no-
 “ thing indeed but her fortune to recommend
 “ her ; had I therefore been at liberty, I could
 “ not, according to my notions of conjugal du-
 “ ties, have had the least thought of entering
 “ into any such an engagement with her. But
 “ I had a stronger objection than that ; I was
 “ not at liberty ;—I had contracted myself by
 “ every tie, except a legal one, to a young
 “ lady, a distant relation of my own, who
 “ wanted nothing but fortune to make her
 “ the object of my father’s choice as well as
 “ my own ; but this was with him an insu-
 “ perable objection. Accordingly, when I
 “ told him my engagements with her, and
 “ urged them as a plea for not accepting his
 “ offer, he absolutely forbid me ever to see
 “ or think of her as a wife more, on pain of
 “ being for ever abandoned and cast off to the
 “ wide world. I argued, but the idea of mo-
 “ ney

“ney outweighed all I could say ; he was pe-
“remptory, and left me with a repetition of
“threats. What could I do ? Not only my
“heart, but my honour, my all was engaged
“to my Charlotte ; in that case can a man
“hesitate ? I hoped my father might not be
“inexorable ; but even if he should, my con-
“science would not suffer me to forsake my
“promises. Either virtue is but a name, or
“it will demand some sacrifices to be made to
“it. Prudence might suggest to me to com-
“promise the matter with my father, and of-
“fer not to marry at all without his consent,
“provided he would not force me to it con-
“trary to my own inclinations ; but can pru-
“dence be consistent with baseness ? What
“would you, Sir, what would you, Mr. Nor-
“ris, think of a man who should forsake
“a sister, a friend, a relation of your own,
“after having engaged himself to her by every
“tie which can bind a man of honour, I
“may say a man ? No, I can never be per-
“suaded that such prudence is not criminal ;
“it comes too late. If it should be objected
“that I was wrong in engaging myself so far,
“before I knew my father’s sentiments, I can
“only say I was indiscreet ; but ought I to
“have atoned for my indiscretion by base-
“ness, by inhumanity ? This was the way in
“which I argued ; I was convinced myself,
“and

“and acted according to my conviction; I
 “married, and tried by every means to recon-
 “cile my father to what I had done; but with-
 “out effect. He immediately forbid me his
 “house, and every body to mention my name
 “to him. Destitute of every thing but a small
 “stock of clothes, and a few guineas in my
 “pocket, which was every thing upon earth
 “that I could call my own, my wife’s friends,
 “who entirely depended upon my father,
 “afraid to give us any assistance, we wandered
 “up to London, as the place most likely to
 “relieve, or at least to conceal our misery. I
 “had some talents, to which I was obliged to
 “have recourse for a subsistence; I applied to
 “some booksellers for employment; but found
 “the difficulties in that way more than I was
 “aware of, and the relief from that quarter
 “was so slow, as not to answer the immediate
 “pressure of our necessities; I therefore laid
 “aside the thoughts of writing, and turned my
 “views another way, which seemed to offer a
 “less precarious scheme of relief: I engaged
 “myself to play a fiddle at one of the play-
 “houses, and by that means supported myself
 “and my wife for some months pretty tolera-
 “bly; but a dangerous fever seizing me, pre-
 “vented my attending for some nights, and I
 “was discharged; and, before I was able to
 “crawl about, I had contracted a debt of some

“ pounds, which it was absolutely impossible
“ for me to pay. The dread of a jail made me
“ commit the only act of injustice which I
“ have to reproach myself with, and that was
“ the leaving my lodging by stealth, and to-
“ gether with my poor wife, at that time very
“ near her time of lying in, setting out, on
“ foot, for this place, (without giving my
“ landlord any hopes of payment,) where I
“ hoped to get some employment either as a
“ performer or a copyist of music. I little
“ thought, Mr. Norris, when you and I used
“ to study music together, that I should ever
“ be obliged to my fiddle for any thing but
“ amusement. It was not without the greatest
“ difficulty that we reached this place, where
“ I hired a garret at one shilling a week, for
“ which I paid, as a week’s rent before-hand,
“ one of the three shillings I was worth in
“ the world. The day after we arrived, my
“ poor wife was brought to bed, which is
“ now five days ago. Imagine to yourselves
“ how we have subsisted since that time : it is
“ a period I cannot dwell upon : may the Al-
“ mighty never suffer me to forget, even for a
“ minute of my life, the goodness of this gentle-
“ man, who has preserved me from the misery
“ of seeing all I hold dear perish before my
“ eyes.”

CHAP. V.

Mr. Beville's Generosity. Mr. Barker's Gratitude. Mr. Beville's Forgetfulness. The Advantage of a clear Conscience in awkward Circumstances. A Lady introduced.

MR. Barker's story made a great impression on Mr. Beville and his old acquaintance Norris, who was again going to launch into his favourite topic, and inveigh with his usual bitterness against that interested prudence which renders a man deaf to all the pleas of humanity, and even paternal love; but Mr. Beville stopped him, by reminding him, that those general reflections might be, and certainly were, very just, but that his friend would not be a bit easier for knowing the injustice of his fate, or for learning the true source of his misery, and that they had therefore much better wave all observations on that head for the present, and consult upon the properest method of being serviceable to him; "and," said he, "as Mr. Barker has been now a long time absent from his charge, we will release him for the present, and desire to see him here again to-morrow morning."

“ing. Will you, Mr. Norris, attend your
 “friend, and see his family accommodated in
 “a better manner than they are at present;
 “and I will talk with my father about what
 “can be done to support him in a creditable
 “way, till the old gentleman can be brought
 “to hear reason, which I doubt not he will
 “be, by our mediation, some time or other.”

Norris very gladly accepted the commission; and Mr. Barker burst out into all those effusions of gratitude which naturally flow from a good heart under the sense of great obligations, but which, however affecting they may be to the parties concerned, I shall omit, as they make but a cold figure in detail. The two friends went together, and Mr. Beville went to join the baronet and the governor at the rooms, with all that honest exultation in his heart, and placid cheerfulness in his countenance, which arise from a consciousness of having done a good action.—On his entering the room, he was not a little surprised to hear a young fellow of his acquaintance cry out, “Enter Charles Beville drunk.” But so entirely had his attention, and indeed his whole heart, been taken up with the humane business in which he had been engaged, that he had never once recollected that it was ball-night, and that he was engaged to dance with a lady to whom he was very little known, till he

he had got within the room door, and he then found himself in the midst of three hundred well dressed people, in his morning frock, his hair in dishevelle, and his hat upon his head ; so that his friend's conjecture did not seem upon the whole to be very ill-grounded. A fool, or a man whose forgetfulness had proceeded from the having been engaged in some unwarrantable pursuit, would have confirmed the suspicion of his drunkenness, by leaving the room as precipitately as he had entered it ; but Mr. Beville, with all the pride of conscious innocence and integrity of heart, went up to the lady to whom he was engaged, and who had waited for him till she was tired, and had at length sat down to loo, and said, " I ought, Madam, to make an apology to you for coming so late, and also for coming in this dishabille ; but either I have been greatly deceived with regard to Miss Clayton's character, or she would have a very ill opinion of the man who scrupled to sacrifice two hours happiness to the duties of humanity."

The young lady, who had prepared a good deal of raillery against his arrival, and expected an awkward unintelligible speech — of " Madam — I am sure — unhappy — absence from you — punishment sufficient — miserable —," and so forth, was a little disconcerted at so extraordinary a

compliment, delivered with the greatest composure. Recovering herself however, "Aye," said she, "I suppose you have been taking care of the pick-pocket whom I heard just now you rescued in the morning." Mr. Beville assured her that he had. "And that," cried she, "you think is a sufficient excuse for having kept me from dancing twenty pretty dances." "Indeed, Madam," said he, "if you knew the miserable situation of the gentleman whom you miscall a pick-pocket, you would, I dare say, think it more than sufficient." "Well," replied she, "you may tell it me if you will, for I am just this minute very melancholy; I have not had a hand to play upon this half hour, and I shall take this opportunity of leaving off." Mr. Beville then told her the outlines of Mr. Barker's story, and had the satisfaction to see all the little playful raillery, which she endeavoured to exert, settle by degrees into an anxious attention; and when he had concluded, he saw, in spite of her endeavours to hide it, a tear steal down her cheek.—I do not know, reader, whether you recollect, or ever saw, a song of Mr. Handel's in the Oratorio of Hercules, the words of which contain a pretty thought with much truth in it.

What

When beauty sorrow's liv'ry wears,
 Our passions take the fair one's part;
 Love dips his arrows in her tears,
 And sends them pointed to the heart.

The poet seems to have had an eye to sorrow arising from the fair one's own distress, which naturally excites pity, from whence the transition to love is not more easy than obvious; but how much more does affliction demand our love, when it proceeds from compassion for another's woes! What delightful prepossessions does it give one in favour of the heart, the temper, the disposition of the beautiful mourner! And how absolutely void of sensibility must that man be, who could see, unmoved, the tear of compassion stealing down the cheek of beauty! Mr. Beville was not that man: he did more than see that tear, he felt it; and that single instance of sensibility in Miss Clayton had a greater effect upon him, than all the beauty and all the accomplishments he had ever met with in his life. A very sentimental kind of discourse ensued from this introduction for a couple of hours after the lady left the card table, which if it had been overheard would have afforded no small entertainment to the greatest part of the company, but of a kind very different from that which the young couple themselves enjoyed from it.

Whatever the conversation was, it certainly was not uninteresting to either of them, for when the clock struck eleven, they were almost the only two people in the room who had not observed that they had been sitting two hours in a corner of the room in close conference with each other, without taking the least notice of any other person in it. Such circumstances seldom pass unnoticed in a place where it is the peculiar and constant business of every person to take notice and make remarks, perhaps not always the most favourable, upon every thing which passes round them. It was not therefore to be wondered at, that Mr. Beville and Miss Clayton had, before they parted for the evening, sufficiently set the whisperers to work. Nor could they even contain themselves enough to refrain from telling them so, for as Mr. Beville was conducting the lady to her chair, a sprightly young lady of his acquaintance told him she did not wonder that he had forgot to dress before he came to the ball, and only hoped she might not see him at the pump-room the next morning in his night-cap. He thanked her for her caution, though a little disconcerted at the uneasiness he saw the sarcasm gave to Miss Clayton. When he had seen her safe into her chair, he went home and found Sir George, the governor (whom by the way he had never
once

once thought of looking for at the rooms) and Mr. Norris, sitting down to supper. Norris had just finished the history of his friend Barker, which he had been relating to Sir George and the governor with such circumstances as interested them strongly in his favour, and Sir George determined to do every thing in his power to restore him to the good graces of his father, to whom he was not absolutely unknown, as he had an estate in the neighbourhood in which old Mr. Barker lived. The governor asked Mr. Beville how it happened that he was not at the rooms. Mr. Beville replied, that he was that instant come from thence. "In that dress!" cried the governor. "As you see," said he. "How so!" cried the baronet, who was rather an advocate for forms. "Why really, Sir," replied Mr. Beville, "I was so taken up with Mr. Norris and his friend, that I entirely forgot to put on any other." The governor held up his hands. The baronet's eyes glistened with pleasure. "And what," cried the governor, "did people say? I fancy you had enough to put you in mind of it when you came there." "One said I was drunk," replied Mr. Beville. "Another bid me not come to the pump-room to-morrow in my night-cap." "And how," cried Norris, "did you feel?"

“ I never,” returned he, “ my friend, felt
“ happier in my whole life than I have done
“ since I saw you last.” He said this with a
smile which made Norris comprehend that
he meant something particular by it. “ I
“ wonder,” said the governor, “ I did not
“ see you, for I was amongst the thickest of
“ them all night.” “ Possibly,” replied Mr.
Beville, “ that was the reason, for I sat by a
“ card table part of the time I was there, and
“ the remainder I passed at a corner of the
“ room, chatting with a lady, and took but
“ little notice of any body.” “ That is very
“ odd,” said the governor.

C H A P. VI.

Mr. Beville in love. A Baronet and his Lady introduced.

THE gentlemen retired; but not all of them to rest. Mr. Beville found no inclination for sleep; he sat down to read, and found as little for that; he thought, he sighed, he knew not well for what; he pitied Mr. Barker, and thought he sighed for him: he forgot Mr. Barker, and still he sighed. O reader, if thou art young, thou canst help him to the cause of his anxiety; if thou art old, perhaps thou mayest laugh at him; if thou art between both, thou wilt envy him; for he enjoyed the most delicious of all sensations, an anxiety caused by absence from the object of a first passion, just springing up in a virtuous mind. Miss Clayton had laid fast hold of his heart, though in so secret a manner that he himself hardly knew it. In truth she was as well qualified to inspire a passion of the most lively and the most durable kind, as it is possible to conceive a young lady to be. In her person she was almost tall, and almost thin, and the trifle which prevented her being perfectly

F 6

either,

either, was greatly to her advantage ; her face had every advantage that features and complexion could bestow upon it, heightened by an animated sensibility in her aspect, which shewed at one glance the excellence of her heart and her understanding. She was graceful and commanding in her air, and with the greatest affability, ease and sweetness in her manner, possessed at the same time that dignity of character which keeps impertinence at a distance : to the most scrupulous politeness she had the advantage of joining a certain gaiety, equally free both from restraint and pertness. She had every accomplishment which is an ornament to her sex, and the characteristic of her understanding was taste, so that they were not thrown away upon her. With these attractions it was no wonder that she made the impression which she did upon Mr. Beville.

In the morning he was rather surprized to find himself the first person at the pump-room, as early rising was not in general his foible ; but he came to look for what he hardly knew he had lost.—A trifling incident often discovers a man's heart to others ; as trifling a one often discovers it to himself.—Mr. Beville was amusing himself with looking into the bath, through a window on which some scribbling puppy had written, "Charming Harriet Clayton." He started as if he had seen a ghost ;
and

and from that instant suspected the true cause of his sleepless night. The pump-room began to fill, and noise and ceremony put an end to a delightful reverie into which he had fallen ; in consequence of which however he placed himself on a bench opposite the door, in order to have a distinct view of every body that entered. His friend Norris was amongst the first whom he saw, who expressed his surprize at finding him gone out when he called at his room according to his custom, the first thing he did in the morning, as it had been much more usual for him to find him in bed. As this was the first time that Mr. Beville had been guilty of forgetting his friend, so it was the first also in which he was almost ashamed to tell the truth : he hesitated ; and Norris's penetration told him that all was not as calm in his breast as usual. He was on the point of enquiring the cause of this change, when the arrival of Lady Clayton and her daughter both prevented the enquiry and made it needless. Mr. Beville flew to join them, and his whole look and behaviour told the state of his heart too plainly for his friend to mistake it. Indeed he was such a stranger to disguise, that he would have intrusted the whole pump-room with his secret, had not a check from the finest pair of eyes in the world reminded him of his indiscretion, and shewed him the propriety of throwing a
little

little reserve into his behaviour. How painful is reserve to an open and liberal mind ! Mr. Beville had such a noble consciousness of the rectitude of his own intentions, that it seemed almost a crime to endeavour to conceal them ; and he had great difficulty in restraining himself from discovering and urging his passion before an hundred witnesses. Norris, who like Mentor watched every look of his Telemachus, saw his situation, admired and pitied it : he feared lest his openness should betray him into some indiscretion, and expose him to the ridicule of those who were seldom conscious of any passion but what it was for their advantage to conceal. He endeavoured to divert his attention and to draw him off to something else ; he talked of the music, the weather ; proposed walking, riding, breakfasting ; but it was all in vain ; Mr. Beville either heard him not, or marked him not ; he heard and saw nothing but Miss Clayton ; and when the ladies retired to breakfast, he attended them, and left his friend to pursue his amusements alone. When they arrived at their lodgings, Lady Clayton civilly asked Mr. Beville if he would not walk in ; and as Miss Clayton's eyes did not forbid him, he accepted the invitation. Sir Harry Clayton was just risen, and received Mr. Beville in his damask night-gown and yellow slippers, with all the bows and formality

lity belonging to a courtier of the last age. And here, reader, as I have introduced you into a new family of no small consequence in the remaining part of this history, it may not be improper to give you some insight into the character and situation of those, of whom it was composed. Sir Harry Clayton was on the wrong side of sixty years of age; five-and-thirty of which had been spent in the drawing-room. For he had been early introduced there by his father, who had spent his own life in dangling about court, and by whose interest Sir Harry had obtained a place, which intailed the same kind of employment or rather idleness upon him. His understanding was just adequate to the subjects upon which, in such a situation, it was likely to be employed: he was possessed of what is called a thorough knowledge of the world; by which is meant the manners of people in the superior ranks of life; knew all the mystery of forms and ceremonies, and was thoroughly acquainted with all the marriages and intermarriages of every family of rank in the kingdom. Most people are fond of attending to those things, from the consideration of which some credit may be reflected on themselves: Sir Harry Clayton therefore, as he had reason to be satisfied with his own descent and connections, had from his youth made an inquiry into the affairs of the Heralds
Office

Office his whole business and amusement ; and was perhaps far better qualified to have written a *Peerage of England* than Garter King at Arms, or Rouge Dragon, or any of those parti-coloured officers of the court of honour, who, as a great man complained on a late solemnity, are but too often so silly as not to know their own silly business. Sir Harry was not that ; trifling as this knowledge may seem, he had spared no pains to make himself master of it, and indeed entertained but a contemptible opinion of any one who happened to be deficient in it.—By the way, reader, did you never observe that the more insignificant an art or science is, the more vain the professors of it are of their knowledge : as it generally gives them a superiority in that respect over men of the greatest learning and genius, who are ignorant in the affair, merely from thinking it beneath their attention.—Sir Harry Clayton was never so happy as when he was instructing a person in the secret history of some insignificant family, who possibly could have instructed him in the secret history of every court in Europe. Upon this affair of family, he regulated his behaviour to all mankind ; and paid every man his proportion of honour, respect, civility, or contempt, not according to his own merit, but that of his great grandfather. With the generality of mankind, money

ney will purchase respect as well as every thing else; it had no such effect with Sir Harry Clayton; he would rather have brushed the hat of a man of quality in rags, than have pulled off his own to a Bourgeois, with the wealth of a Nabob, whom he had knocked at head, in his pocket. Indeed he had for the greatest part of his life testified such a contempt for money considerations, that trade and commerce were the constant objects of his ridicule, till he was near fifty years of age: but an accident which happened about that time, if it did not absolutely alter his opinion, at least effectually stopped his raillery on this subject. About this time it happened, whether from some hints from his steward, or some importunate requests from those gentry who are so mistaken as to place some of their happiness in the enjoyment of money, especially of that to which they conceive they have some sort of right, and who are apt, in consequence of this notion, to break in upon the delicious reveries of people of fashion, who, tho' they think such things infinitely beneath their notice, are sometimes obliged to attend to them; upon what occasion it was I cannot particularly tell; but it happened that Sir Harry Clayton was brought to be sensible that money was not to be left entirely out of a gentleman's plan of happiness any more than a mechanick's;

mechanick's; he found that his pedigree would not pay his butcher nor his taylor; in short, he found that he had supported his rank at a greater expence than his estate would bear, and had in consequence of it involved himself in some distresses, from which he would have found some difficulty in extricating himself, had not the widow of a rich Hamburgh merchant thought it worth her while to give him seventy-thousand pounds for a title. This lady was the person, who together with her daughter-in-law, for Miss Clayton was the issue of a former marriage, made up the remaining part of the Clayton family. Though this lady's notions were as different from those of her husband, as east from west, or black from white, yet I am inclined to think that this difference arose merely from their having had a different education, and that their understandings were nevertheless very much alike. They both had the highest idea of what they had been taught to consider as the *summum bonum*, and the most sovereign contempt for every thing else; his happened to be honour; her's, money. The same degree of veneration which he had for the house of lords, she had for a court of aldermen; and the high idea he entertained of a duke, she transferred to a lord-mayor. His attention was intirely taken up with rank, family, precedence, and birth-day

day suits; her head was as full with wealth, scrip, omnium, consols, and lord-mayors shews. The same shallow ideas, and the same narrow channel in which they flowed, were conspicuous in both, only they were turned by education in different directions.—And here, reader, give me leave to make a remark; that the understandings of the generality of people, till you get beyond a certain elevation, are exactly alike: one notion of great and little, good and evil, is common to them all, and it is education alone which determines whether this shall center in a lord or an alderman, a seat in parliament, or a seat in the saddle, a bank bill, or a butter-fly. It is a certain elevation of mind alone, a sensibility of what is great and good, a comprehensive view of what is desirable or contemptible, which sets a man above the common level, and shews him every thing in its true light. This is the exalted turn of mind which makes a person of refined sentiments despise the generality of the world, and which makes them, alas! despise him in their turn.

C H A P. VII.

A Breakfast. A Dissertation on Lions. An interesting Event, which shifts the Scene of the History for the present.

“SIR Harry,” said Lady Clayton, “I have brought Mr. Beville to *wish* you this morning.” “Mr. Beville,” replied Sir Harry, running to meet him, “does me the highest honour. I remember your mother, Sir, being presented; she was a very fine woman at that time, I think she was a Cholmondeley: I am highly flattered by a visit from a person of your rank and figure.” Mr. Beville made a proper return to these civil speeches, and the company sat down to breakfast. The weather, the rooms, the company, the new buildings, and so forth, employed the conversation in their turns according to custom. It was observed, that it was cold, that it was warmer than it had been, that there were a great many people of fashion at Bath, that Bath would soon be as big as London, (“but,” said Lady Clayton, “not half so rich,”) and twenty other such observations.

servations were made ; to all which Mr. Beville gave so quiet an assent, that one part of the company thought him very well-bred, another thought him rather stupid, but the third knew he was only in love ; which she knew full well, and so possibly reader may you, was a sufficient excuse for neither hearing, seeing, nor understanding like other people. In short, Mr. Beville's whole attention was so taken up with the daughter, that he had no more to spare for the father and mother than was just sufficient to enable him to give a short assent to what they said. If ever you have been in love, reader, as I sincerely hope you have, both for my sake and your own, you will easily understand, without my endeavouring to describe it, the very awkward situation a man is in who is obliged to entertain his mistress before other company, to whom his passion is supposed to be a secret. The constraint which is thrown upon every word and gesture renders this situation not only the most painful, but the most disadvantageous, that a man can appear in : the timid look, the forced smile, the unintelligent half-laugh, the air *dis-trait* of a man in this situation, cannot fail, with those who have not penetration enough to see the real cause, to make him look like a fool ; and even with those who see through his heart, I am not sure that he looks like much better.

better. Lady Clayton was blessed with a vacancy of face which did not accuse her of much penetration ; and Sir Harry employed the little he was master of, in endeavouring to discover whether every man who had the dress and appearance of a gentleman was so in reality : a research which in such a place as Bath would have found full employment for all his talents in this way, had they been much more considerable than they really were. Mr. Beville was therefore in little danger of having his sentiments discovered by either of them, and it was the less wonder that they began to entertain an opinion of him not greatly to the credit of his understanding ; so that upon his taking his leave, which was not till after many fruitless attempts on his part, and many hints of its growing late, and being time to dress, &c. on that of the ladies, Sir Harry remarked that Mr. Beville was a civil young man, but seemed to have seen but little of the world ; and Lady Clayton said, “ I don’t know, he seems queerish, I think.” Miss Clayton did not give her opinion.

Mr. Beville was returning through the Grove to his lodgings, when he was hailed by the governor, who had been admiring a diamond wind-mill, which had been designed by some ingenious milliner, I hope with no satirical view, as an ornament for some lady’s head ;

and afforded, till it could be sold, a spectacle for idle people to go to admire; and on account of the richness of the diamonds, the mechanism of its rotation, and the novelty of the thought, it made no inconsiderable figure amongst the *Lions* of Bath.

Reader, if you do not understand the meaning of that word in this place, I will inform you, that not only the Tower of London, but also every town in England and Wales, as also the town of Berwick upon Tweed, for any thing I know to the contrary, is furnished with its lions; that is to say, something or other which the good-natured inhabitants esteem worthy the notice of strangers; and which accordingly every stranger is carried to see. Which sights have acquired the name of *Lions* from the constant custom of the cockneys, who never fail to carry their country cousins the morning after their arrival in town, to see the lions at the Tower, as the sight I suppose universally deemed the most worthy observation of any in the metropolis. In return for which acceptable compliment, for without doubt a lion is a noble beast, when it comes to the cousin's turn to entertain his London friends at his house in some fair market-town in the country, it is hard but he will find some lion for his entertainment: as there is hardly a town in the kingdom so despicable,

as not to afford one lion at least. Where a cathedral, a sea-port, a manufacture, or a nobleman's seat is not to be had, we must be contented with a ring of bells, an assembly room, a sessions-house, a narrow gravel-walk with two rows of blighted lime trees, called, to be sure, the Mall, or a remnant of a Roman pavement: or, if the worst comes to the worst, we must mount, by worn-out steps loaded with jack-daws nests, to the top of the steeple, from whence, with the help of an eight-penny spying-glass, we may trace the road we travelled the day before, and count twelve or fourteen church-steeples. In short, whether it is this or that, there is still a *Lion*, to which every stranger, in spite of wind, rain, heat, cold, want of feet, breath, or inclination, must be dragged, under pain of being thought a stupid fellow, without a grain of laudable curiosity in his composition; which cannot fail of giving the highest disgust to his friends, who would give him the best lion they have, with which he ought to be satisfied; if it happens to turn out not worthy his notice, then he may take care never to go to that town any more; as a town is certainly worth very little without a lion; and on the contrary, the more and better lions a town has, the more worthy it is of being visited. Lion-hunting in short being the whole end
and

and design of travelling. For I would be glad to know what are all your Tours through Great Britain and Ireland, your Six Week Tours to Paris, your Letters from a Gentleman on his Travels, with all the Journals of Voyages and Travels which ever were written, but so many catalogues of various *Lions*, to be seen in different parts of the world? Many of which a man may go a thousand miles to see, and leave far better *Lions*, unlooked at, at home. Different men have different notions of Lion-hunting. One values no *Lions* but what are found at a distance, and are of foreign extraction, or at least go by a hard name; another is pleased with any *Lion*, be he never so insignificant, that is found in his own town, or more particularly if he is in his own possession: one man again has much pleasure in the sport, and will search every place he comes near for a *Lion*; another will jog on without enquiring after them from York to Exeter, and if they are pointed out to him by some good-natured intelligencer, will take pleasure in slighting them, merely to shew that he has seen too much to be amused with trifles. I knew a man, reader, of this stamp, who made a tour through England, and kept a journal, wherein he carefully minuted every thing he did not see. His remarks chiefly ran in this manner. “29. Reached

“ Bristol in the evening; contrived to come
 “ in in the dark, because I was told to ob-
 “ serve the size of the city from some hill
 “ in the road, and the number of glass-
 “ houses it contained. 30. Would not go
 “ to the Wells, nor see the key, nor the
 “ iron draw-bridge, nor the new Exchange.
 “ 31. Pretended I had got the head-ach, to es-
 “ cape being dragged to see a fine pros-
 “ pect from Clifton-hill. Mem. Kicked the
 “ drawer out of the room, for persisting in
 “ telling me how many churches there were
 “ in the town, and how many ships in the
 “ road.” In this manner did he go on, with
 as much satisfaction to himself, as if he had
 given a pompous account of every *Lion* in
 his road. Never was there a man so widely
 different from my friend as governor Beville;
 a *Lion* was to him meat, drink, and clothes;
 and rather than be without a *Lion*, he would
 frame one out of a petrified oyster-shell, an
 old oak-tree, a new-fashioned shooting-bag,
 or a new engine to cut cucumbers. Every
 thing the least out of the common road
 was a *Lion*, and he ransacked not only every
 street in every town, and every field about it,
 but the shop of every mechanic, and the lum-
 ber room of every house, to find them out; in
 short, he might say with David, his soul was
 amongst lions. What a situation was Bath for

a man of this turn ! It was heaven upon earth. Every street, every lane, every alley, every shop had its *Lion*, and cunning must that lion be which could escape him. He knew by name every knick-knack in every toy-shop ; and if he had been blessed with a greater strength of memory, would have known the motto upon every Bath ring.

The *Lion* which had ingrossed his attention for several days, was an artificial auricula, which was stuck up in a millener's window, as a memorial of the ingenuity of some artist, who had composed it with so much art, as to impose upon a society of florists, who had adjudged the prize to it which they annually gave for the best flower produced at their meeting. But this *Lion* began to wax old, and had been shewn to all his acquaintance so often, that he would have been distressed for a young *Lion* in his room, had not fortune luckily thrown this wind-mill in his way.

He was very happy in explaining the mechanism of his new *Lion* to Mr. Beville, when he was interrupted by a servant of Sir George's, who, without his hat, was running along the Grove, with distraction in his countenance, inquiring, of every person he met, after Mr. Beville and the governor. His confusion was so great, that he had well-nigh repeated his question to the very people he wanted ; had

not Mr. Beville prevented him by exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, John, what is the matter?" "O sir, my master"—was all that John could utter. It was enough for Mr. Beville, who flew to the lodgings, where he found Sir George in the arms of Norris, who had just carried him into his chamber, to all appearance dead. In fact, he had been walking with Norris upon the Parade, and was seized with a fit of apoplexy, from which he never recovered. This melancholy event put all other thoughts out of Mr. Beville's head, and indeed affected him so deeply, that Norris and the governor found the greatest difficulty in making him attend to the dictates of reason and religion, and rendering him patient under a loss which no man could feel more severely than he did. His understanding however at last took place, and he recovered his calmness sufficiently to give the necessary orders for conveying his father's remains to the repository of his ancestors, whither no persuasions of his friends could prevent his accompanying them. All they could do was to prevail on him to set out the morning before the corpse, that he might not have the melancholy sight of the funeral parade for so long a journey. Accordingly Mr. Norris and the young baronet set out in a post-chaise, leaving the governor at Bath, where
he

he seemed inclined to fix his future residence. Sir Charles Beville's grief did not so absolutely ingross his mind, as to make him inattentive to Miss Clayton. He dispatched Norris to explain to her the occasion of his sudden absence, and to inform her of his resolution of returning to Bath as soon as he had paid the last duties to his father: a message which she had too much candour and goodness of heart to receive with an air of indifference; and Mr. Norris did not a little revive his drooping friend by the account he gave him of the behaviour of this amiable young lady upon this event, the thought of which, joined to the prospect of future enjoyments, contributed to restore Sir Charles to his usual tranquillity, and to support his spirits under the melancholy discharge of the last duties to a parent, who had been the worthy object of his love and veneration ever since he was born.

END of the SECOND BOOK.

9 MR 53

9 MR 53

and the second floor.

BOOK

23

B O O K III.



CHAP. I.

Address to the Reader.

STAY, reader; may I beg a single word
 Before you enter on another book?
 Pray,—if the question is not too absurd,
 Vouchsafe to tell me only—how you look.

I always know a critic by his face,
 His forehead's wrinkled, and his nose is
 curl'd:
 He never can sit quiet in his place,
 But fidgets up and down, for all the world,

As if he'd rode upon a trotting horse,
 With a hard saddle, many a weary mile ;
 And then he mutters out some words of course,
 As pish ! and psha !—then grins a ghastly
 smile.

Raising weak doubts, and stumbling over
 straws,
 At ev'ry word and ev'ry letter quib'ling ;
 Picking small holes, and tearing little flaws,
 Like a malicious mouse who will be nib-
 bling.

If thou art one of these, my reader dear,
 Prithee lay down the book ; it is not for ye ;
 Or if in spite thou needs wilt persevere,
 Stay half a minute whilst I tell a story.

In the warm climate of Virginia dwells,
 Unknown to us, a coxcomb of a bird,
 His crest with variegated plumage swells,
 And mock-bird is he call'd, for not a
 word

Or note has Nature given him of his own,
 But only the pert talent of a fool,
 Of better birds to imitate the tone,
 Taking them off, by way of ridicule.

A night-

Sir CHARLES BEVILLE. 129

A nightingale, who, seated on a spray,
With her sweet pipe regal'd the neighb'ring
 plains,
And heard our critic with his mimic lay,
To doleful ditties turn her love-lorn strains,

With indignation thus address'd the fool ;

“ My song may not be perfect, it is true ;

“ But as th' example's better than the rule,

“ Pray, sir, now let us have a song from
 “ you.”



CHAP. II.

Sir Charles Beville settles his Affairs at the Hall, and sets out for Bath. Meets a Bath Acquaintance in London, and hears a Piece of News. Arrives at Bath, and visits his Mistress.

SIR Charles Beville's first care was to settle his household, and the affairs relating to his estate, in such a manner as might make the loss of his father as little felt as possible both by tenants and servants, to all of whom he had been deservedly dear. With the assistance of Mr. Norris he formed the plan of his household, projected such improvements in the house and its environs as were obviously wanted, and gave orders for putting them in execution, under the inspection of Mr. Norris himself, who chose to undertake that task rather than return to Bath with Sir Charles. The next step which Sir Charles took was with regard to Norris himself, whom he immediately placed in a state of independency. Sir George had some time before presented him to the rectory of the parish where the family

family seat was situated; but as the house upon it was not a good one, and Sir Charles was inclined to take off every shadow of restraint from his friend, he therefore began his improvements by building an handsome parsonage house for him, upon the verge of his own park, in such a situation as would render the two houses mutual beauties in each other's view. He also settled, out of his own power, such an annuity upon him, as, joined to the profits of his living, made his income equal to the utmost of his wishes. Here Mr. Norris proposed to fix his future residence, and to superintend his patron's affairs, whenever he should be in town, where Sir Charles proposed spending half the year, and where Mr. Norris proposed being as little as possible; for he had an aversion to public life, which grew upon him every year. When every thing was settled at the hall, Sir Charles prepared to return to Bath, and having recommended to his friend to put every thing in as much forwardness as possible, told him his resolutions with regard to Miss Clayton, for whom he entertained too sincere a passion to suffer him to be long happy without her, for which reason he determined to bring matters to as speedy a conclusion as was consistent with decorum. Mr. Norris highly applauded his choice, as well as his expedition, though he

foresaw that he might possibly meet with more obstacles to encounter in the affair than he seemed to be aware of. For such was the quickness with which Sir Charles saw things, and the rapidity with which he executed them when they depended only on himself, that he saw no reason why he might not be married in a month. Norris, however differently he might judge, said nothing that might check his ardour, but left him to find out his difficulties, and surmount them as he could. The two friends parted, after having agreed upon a constant intercourse by letters; some of which having fallen into my hands, I shall present the reader with them in their proper places, as they may serve to elucidate different parts of this history.

Sir Charles took London in his way to Bath, and proposed staying there long enough to take a house and give directions for furnishing it; in which he was so fortunate as to succeed in a few days. The evening before he left London, he was sauntering in a coffee-house, and happened to meet with a gentleman with whom he had had some slight acquaintance at Bath; and naturally falling into conversation with him upon the company they had left there, he learned, amongst other pieces of intelligence, that it was strongly reported that Miss Clayton was going to be married to an
Irish

Irish peer. The idea of a rival had, till that instant, never entered his head ; and that not from vanity, but merely from a dependance upon, not the professions, for she had made none, but the looks, the complacency, the tacit acknowledgements of esteem, in short, the whole demeanour of his mistress. He was therefore so struck with what he heard, that it was impossible for his companion not to see his confusion ; and, being of that order of men who think there is some amusement in another's uneasiness, he continued his account of the match with so much circumstantial accuracy, and dwelt so long upon the happiness of the man who had a prospect of passing his life with so charming a woman, that Sir Charles began to lose all patience, and starting from his seat, he wished him a good night with so disconcerted an air, that his companion could not help completing his triumph, by bursting into a loud laugh. Sir Charles hardly knew how to take this mirth, which he was in no very proper tune to relish ; and would probably have asked an explanation of it in terms not the most gentle, had not Mr. Sner prevented him by saying, “ My dear Sir Charles, I ask your
 “ pardon, but it was reported that you had a
 “ tendre for Miss Clayton, and I should not
 “ have said so much upon the subject, had I not
 “ been convinced of the contrary, by the indis-
 “ ferent

“ferent air with which you received the news
“of her match; and I could not help
“laughing to think of the disappointment it
“will be to the good company there, who
“are in full expectation of a pretty rough
“meeting between you and Lord B—— up-
“on your return to Bath.” Sir Charles had
by this time recovered his temper, and whether
he did not thoroughly enter into the spirit
of Mr. Sneer’s raillery, or did not think it
worth resenting, he coolly turned upon his
heel and withdrew, to the great mortification
of Mr. Sneer, who would have been very well
pleased to have pursued his raillery farther; in
which his chief amusement lay, and in which
he could not help indulging himself whenever
an opportunity offered, notwithstanding his
having met with several disagreeable rubs in
consequence of it; for, as he never took any
pains to consider the characters of people be-
fore he ventured to play upon them, he some-
times met with those who were so uncivil as
not to be willing to be made the jest of the
company; and some of them have returned
such a weighty repartee to his sallies, as though
it fell only on the outside of his head, has
made so deep an impression upon him as never
to be obliterated. Sir Charles had felt the
edge of his talent before, and, to say truth, had
some little comfort upon the present occasion,
from

from knowing the character of the man, as he knew it was more than probable that the whole story was the intire manufacture of his own brain, without any other view than to observe in what manner he would receive the intelligence. In this however he was at present mistaken, for the story, though not true in all its circumstances, had more foundation than his stories generally had. Comforted however by the character of Mr. Sneer, Sir Charles went home to bed ; but he found that he could not get the Irish peer sufficiently out of his head to compose himself to rest ; so having tumbled and tossed about till three o'clock, he rang his bell, and ordered his coach with all possible expedition ; an order so contrary to his usual sedateness, for though he was quick, he was never in a hurry, that his sagacious Frenchman muttered as he went down stairs, " Begar, my master ave leave something at " Bath ;" an opinion in which he was seconded by each of the servants, who, happening not to be in love, could have very well dispensed with two or three hours more sleep. Sir Charles usually travelled with his own horses, as he was hardly ever in so great haste as to be under a necessity of flying, a practice with which he always found great fault. He has often observed to Norris, that it was great pity there was not some officer whose business

it

it should be to stop every man travelling post, and inquire whether his business was such as could justify his killing a horse or two, risking the necks of half a dozen post-boys, throwing three or four servants into fevers, from excessive exercise in keeping up with their master's chaise, and forty other like accidents, which happen more or less every day, from the fashionable mode of travelling; if he found that his business was nothing more than to attend a horse-race, canvas a borough, or the mere satisfaction of saying at York, *I was in London this morning*, he should then have authority to take off a pair of his horses, and clap them to the chaise of some honest traveller, who, with less money, was going upon business of ten times the importance; to relieve the distress of a friend, receive the blessing of a dying parent, or any other cause which might justify and demand the greatest dispatch. This was the way in which Sir Charles had been used to reason, and I know not whether he included within his list of justifiable causes for travelling post, a man's being in love: whatever he had formerly done, he now found that it came clearly within the act; and accordingly he determined at Salt-Hill to put four post-horses to his coach, and leave his own to proceed at their leisure. Unluckily at the Wind-mill, where he first stoppt,
he

he was informed, that there was not a horse fit to travel ; that a certain peer had set out the minute before from thence, with four carriages and fourteen servants, and that every horse belonging to the inn, which had a leg to stand on, was employed upon the occasion ; “ and indeed, Sir,” said the landlord, “ I do much fear that not half of them will get into Reading.” “ Was he an Irish peer ?” said Sir Charles, with a smile. “ No, Sir,” replied the landlord, with a sigh, “ he is a Scotchman.” “ Then I wish him a good journey,” returned Sir Charles, and ordered his boys to proceed to the Castle, where he met with better success ; and proceeding from stage to stage, without one reflection upon the cruelty of travelling post, he arrived at Bath the second day by noon ; and having left the care of procuring lodgings to his servant, he dressed, and sallied out immediately for Sir Harry Clayton’s.

C H A P. III.

Sir Charles receives an Account of two Rivals instead of one. Conceives the most formidable Idea of Lord B. of the two. Meets him by Chance at Sir Harry Clayton's, hears him talk, and goes to a Concert with him.

SIR Charles's pulse did not keep the most regular time as he proceeded to Sir Harry's lodgings; neither was his countenance very constant to one colour; and when he rapped at the door, hope, joy, fear and anxiety were conspicuous in every feature. The door was opened by Mrs. Handy, Miss Clayton's own woman, who received Sir Charles with a visible satisfaction in her face, and a curtsy down to the ground; and to his question whether Sir Harry was at home, (for a certain timidity, which is both natural and unaccountable in these circumstances, prevented his asking immediately for the only person in the family whom he wanted to see,) answered with great eagerness, "No, Sir, but my young lady is: she has had a bad head-ach all the morning, and is laid down upon

"the

“ the bed ; but if you please to walk in, I’ll
 “ wake her, and let her know you are here.”
 “ By no means,” said Sir Charles ; “ I would
 “ not have her disturbed ; when she wakes,
 “ present my compliments to her, and let her
 “ know I will attend her in the evening.”
 “ Why, Sir,” replied Mrs. Handy, “ I dare
 “ say my lady would not be angry if I was
 “ to wake her ; for she was wishing for you
 “ but this morning.” Sir Charles blushed.
 “ Wishing for me, Mrs. Handy !” “ Indeed,
 “ Sir,” cried she, “ she was. O, Sir, here
 “ has been sad work since you left us ; I wishes
 “ you had never gone, and then some folks
 “ would not have been so forward, nor other-
 “ some so troublesome, mayhap ; but my
 “ lady will neither be bullied nor bribed, I
 “ can tell you that for your comfort, Sir.”
 “ Sad work !” exclaimed Sir Charles ; “ Gra-
 “ cious Heaven ! you alarm me exceedingly.
 “ How ! what work ? For Heaven’s sake tell
 “ me, Mrs. Handy ;—you—you are a sensible
 “ young woman, Mrs. Handy—and know—
 “ I say you cannot but know that I have a
 “ great regard for your lady, every body must
 “ that knows her, and that I would sacrifice
 “ my life and fortune to serve her.”——
 “ Aye, Sir,” replied the waiting-woman,
 “ I thought there must be some reason or
 “ other, or my lady would not have been so
 “ set

“ set against both the gentlemen, for one is
“ a lord, and dresses the finest I ever see in
“ my life, and the t’other, folks say, is worth
“ bushels and bushels of money, and dresses
“ almost as fine as the lord, so that I thought
“ there must be some reason ; though to be
“ sure my lady never said a word to me of
“ your honour till they pressed her so much
“ about the other gentlemen, and then to be
“ sure she owned to me, that she wished you
“ was come, and they should see then who
“ would use her ill.” “ Other gentlemen !”
cried Sir Charles, not a little disconcerted to
find his rivals multiply upon him. “ Pray,
“ good Mrs. Handy do let me into this af-
“ fair ; who are these gentlemen you talk of,
“ and——” “ Sir,” replied Mrs. Handy,
“ this is no convenient time nor place to let
“ you into the whole of this business now,
“ because it is very long, and to be sure very
“ sorrowful, to have so sweet a young lady
“ forced to marry any body she don’t like, if
“ they are lords or knights, or what they
“ will : Ifackins, if it was as I, I’d shew them
“ that I had a fair pair of heels, and a fortune
“ of my own to give to whom I please too.
“ But, Sir, as I say, this is no time nor
“ place to tell you all about it, so if you
“ please, when my lady wakes, I’ll tell her
“ that you are come to Bath, and have been
“ here,

“ here, and left a message for her ; and then
 “ she’ll be very glad, and send you an answer,
 “ and then I can come to your lodgings with
 “ it—pray, Sir, do you lodge where you did?—
 “ and tell you all about it ; for Sir Harry and
 “ my lady, that is not my lady, but his lady,
 “ are gone to dine at Lincom, so we shall have
 “ nobody to interrupt us.” Sir Charles told
 her he had not yet got a lodging, but that she
 would find him at the Tuns, where he would
 wait for her coming, thanked her for the zeal
 she shewed for his service, slipped a guinea into
 her hand, and took his leave.

In his way to the Tuns, he met Codjoo,
 the governor’s black servant ; and his heart,
 which never suffered him to commit the sha-
 dow of a fault without telling him of it,
 smote him for not having bestowed a single
 thought upon his uncle since his arrival, which
 might have prompted him to send an inquiry af-
 ter his health. Fortunately for him Codjoo
 informed him, that “ his master was be
 “ gone to Bristol five, six days, and he
 “ come home next week :” so that he pro-
 ceeded to his inn with no other disagreeable
 sensation than what arose from a conscious-
 ness of having had better luck than he de-
 served. Perhaps, reader, you may not see
 how any thing disagreeable should result from
 such a consciousness ; if so, I am sorry for
 thee ;

thee ; with a generous mind, a blot is a blot, whether it is ever hit or not.

Sir Charles was bespeaking his dinner, when the arrival of Mrs. Handy put fish, flesh and fowl intirely out of his head, and left him to the mercy of Mr. Phillot's cook, who having received a discretionary power, took care that Sir Charles should be no loser by the interruption, by providing a much better dinner than probably he would have ordered for himself. Mrs. Handy being, with much difficulty and abundance of troublesome airs of good-breeding and modesty, at length seated, began a circumstantial narrative of every thing that had passed since Sir Charles left Bath ; which, as it included every thing that she had overheard, and every thing that her lady had told her, together with her own remarks and conjectures upon every particular, was very long, and very impertinent, as the main intelligence which Sir Charles wanted to get at might indeed have been conveyed in a fiftieth part of the time ; but he well knew there was no way of getting the wheat without the chaff. As soon as she was gone, he set himself to reduce her intelligence into some form, and found it amounted to this ; that during his absence, his mistress had been briskly attacked by two lovers ; the one an Irish peer, whose
interest

interest was strongly espoused by her father: the other a new made knight, who had acquired an immense fortune in the East-Indies, and had risen, from sweeping a banker's shop, to a capacity of furnishing half a dozen. A man of this stamp could not fail of having the countenance and support of Lady Clayton; so that between her father, mother, and lovers, the poor young lady, whose heart was really attached to Sir Charles, had been much distressed, and might well wish for him to give her some assistance. And now Sir Charles for the first time began to fear that he might not be married in a month: for though he had no reason to suspect that Sir Harry could have any objection to his proposals, if the coast had been quite clear of men of quality, yet he knew that, such was his affection for nobility in general, and his zeal for mending his blood, that he would sooner part with every drop in his veins, than give up the prospect of such an alliance when once he had got view of it. Not to mention therefore the difficulties he might find from Lord B. himself, which, to give him his due, gave him but little uneasiness, he found that Sir Harry's vanity might give him a great deal of trouble; and though he had little less to fear from Lady Clayton's avarice and obstinacy, yet such was the character which he had heard of Sir Isaac Rupee, that

that he could not have so formidable notions of his pretensions as he had of those of Lord B. Without bestowing a thought therefore on the knight, he set himself seriously to think of the best method of getting rid of his noble rival; which required such delicacy of management, that he could resolve on nothing till he had consulted with Miss Clayton herself; and having sent her word by her woman that he would wait on her at tea time, he proceeded to her lodgings. The meeting between these two young people was such as——“one can easily imagine,” I suppose you will say, reader,—Pardon me, if you are a common reader, either of books or mankind, and conversant only in the common love-affairs of the world, it was such as you will not very easily imagine. Some circumstances of a delicate nature, which attended it, made it something out of the common road. Sir Charles Beville’s heart dwelt upon his lips; Miss Clayton therefore, short and interrupted as her acquaintance with him had been, knew every sentiment of it: she felt, moreover, that she approved every sentiment of it, and that upon this approbation was founded an attachment to him as strong, if not as violent, as his to her. But though she was above affectation, she had never yet acknowledged her partiality to him: how
unfor-

unfortunate for a delicate mind, to have such an acknowledgement to make at a time when she stood in need of his protection ! She had no doubt of his affection for her, nor of the happiness he would receive from a declaration in his favour ; but she was hurt by the idea of putting herself under his protection, to defend her from the solicitations of others, before she had given herself a claim to it, by acknowledging an affection for him. This sentiment, which, reader, if thou art such an one as I mentioned above, thou mayest possibly think very ridiculous, gave her so much pain, that it cost her a long struggle before she could resolve to send Handy to him ; much less would she suffer her to say any thing to him of her situation. And, to say the truth, had it not happened that Mrs. Handy was a little less refined in her notions than her lady, Sir Charles had not received the circumstantial account which she gave him in the morning ; for she had received positive orders not to say a word of Lord B. or Sir Isaac Rupee ; but not having penetration enough to divine the reason of such an order, and the mischief being moreover partly done, before she received it, she chose to forget it ; and at her return pretty well pacified her lady, by saying, which was partly true, that Sir Charles inquired after some gentlemen who he had

been informed had paid their addresses to her. Her design therefore of keeping him for a time ignorant of her situation proving ineffectual, she was in some little perplexity how she should behave to Sir Charles when he arrived; and, for the first time in her whole life, determined to lay a restraint upon her natural behaviour, and assume some little reserve: but before the resolution was well formed, the door opened, and the entrance of Sir Charles Beville, with that unaffected transport in his countenance which he neither knew how nor wished to restrain, banished all premeditated reserve, and she received his salute with the frankness of a wife, and the innocence of a sister.

Frankness naturally begets frankness; and such was the manly openness of Sir Charles's behaviour, that Miss Clayton found far less difficulty in making the important acknowledgement than she was aware of; and the unfeigned joy and respectful tenderness with which he received it, convinced her, that she could not be guilty of a greater piece of injustice than treating him with reserve. The young couple had enjoyed a little more than an hour of that exquisite delight which is so well known to people in their circumstances, and so inexplicable to every one else, when a bustle at the street-door, and a profusion

fusion of civil exclamations, "My dear lord!—" "For goodness sake don't make me sink with confusion!—Upon no terms!—My own house!"—and so forth, informed them that Sir Harry was returned, and was disputing the point of ceremonial with some nobleman at the door. In fact, before it could be settled, Lady Clayton, whose sex had exempted her from the contest, entered the room muttering something about fufs and quality, which was interrupted by a loud squall upon seeing Sir Charles, who upon her entrance was rising from the sofa upon which he and Miss Clayton had been sitting. The squall settled at once the dispute at the door, and Lord B. (for it was no other) was the first who entered, exclaiming, "For G—d's sake, what is the matter!" Sir Harry at his heels was just going to repeat the question, when looking over his lordship's head, which was no difficult matter to do, as it was not quite five feet from the ground, the appearance of Sir Charles made it needless. Sir Charles made a slight bow to his lordship in passing him, and advanced to take Sir Harry by the hand; but Sir Harry, who had from some busy person received a hint of Sir Charles's attachment to his daughter, had so good a reason for not being overjoyed at the rencounter, that he rather declined his offered hand, and his chagrin for

a moment getting the better of his politeness, he stood with the air of a man who was hesitating whether he should be civil or rude. His natural, or rather accustomed, civility however at length prevailed, and he welcomed Sir Charles to Bath with an air of recollection, as if he intended his first hesitation should pass for the effect of surprize at a meeting so unexpected. A silence of a few minutes ensued, which was interrupted by Lord B.'s inquiring after Miss Clayton's health, and hoping she had lost the cruel pain in her head which had deprived them of the pleasure of her company at dinner; this produced a civil half-bow from her, and a mutter of "Yes, yes," from Lady Clayton, and here they were aground again. At length Lord B. impatient of a silence which had been longer by several minutes than he had suffered for many hours before, applied to Sir Charles to know if he was come from town, and if he brought any news; but before he had time to reply, he began to entertain Miss Clayton with a history of an affair between a gentleman and a lady, which was interrupted by another lady, whose cousin had a design upon the gentleman, only her father was averse to the match, and several devilish severe things which passed upon the occasion, and twenty other circumstances, which he said he was heartily

heartily sorry she could not so well enter into the spirit of, as she was not in the least acquainted with any of the parties concerned. "But," cried he, "they will all be at Mr. what's-his-name's concert to-night, and if you will go, I will point them all out to you, and tell you the whole affair. It is immensely ridiculous, faith!" Miss Clayton took the opportunity of the concert being mentioned to stop the torrent of his lordship's eloquence, by telling Sir Charles that there was a new singer come to Bath since he left it, and that the company were so divided in their opinions with regard to her merit, that she longed to have his judgment upon it. "O child!" cried Lady Clayton, "you may be sure Sir Charles will like her, because she's an outlandish woman; your great judges cannot bear English." "Is the gentleman a connoisseur?" interrupted his lordship.—"O Miss Clayton! talk of that. —I have got the most enchanting minuet! —Pray, Sir can you play the guitar? It is set for the guitar. Here it is. I made Fleming write it down for me. Pray, Madam, do just touch it upon the harpsichord. Come, I can put you into the air of it, for I can almost play it with one hand. I assure you I have a very pretty taste for music myself, and if I had taken pains, should

“ have been a great proficient. Don’t you
 “ think so, Miss Clayton? But I am so idle!
 “ Sir, I assure you I can play four or five
 “ tunes with one hand, though I never
 “ learned, except a year or two when I was
 “ abroad; and my ear is so good, that if I
 “ hear the Belleisle march, or Voi amante, or
 “ any other piece of music, I can immedi-
 “ ately tell whether they play it in tune or
 “ not; and if the fiddles play false when I’m
 “ dancing, I stop dead short, and cannot go a
 “ step further. But Miss Clayton, Sir Harry,
 “ come, shall we go to the concert? Lady
 “ Clayton, what say you, ha? Sir, shall we
 “ have your company? I dare say the new
 “ finger will delight you.”—It is not easy to
 express the astonishment Sir Charles was in at
 the immense strength of Lord B.’s talking
 powers, who could run on in such a manner
 for an hour together, without having one word
 to say. If this man, thought he, could talk
 as well upon something as he can upon no-
 thing, what a figure would he make in the
 house!—The ladies seemed to decline going
 to the concert, and as the two visitors
 seemed determined to outstay each other,
 Lady Clayton had no other way of know-
 ing how long they intended to stay, than by
 calling for cards, which is a civil way of say-
 ing, Pray, gentlemen, do you intend to pass
 your

your evening here, or any where else? Lord B. answered her question by pulling out his watch, and having wound it up, given it the hearing, and adjusted the hanging of the chain and trinkets, he got up, saying, "No, positively no; I must go to the concert; I have made a party for this poor man, and was in hopes to have had it graced by your ladyship and Miss Clayton; but if it must not be, I must even go alone. If this gentleman is a stranger, I shall be proud of the honour of attending him there." Sir Charles bowed, and having nothing better to do, as he could perceive his company was not very acceptable where he was, accepted the offer, and the two lovers took their leave together; Sir Harry almost overturning Lord B. in his civil eagerness to ring for his chair, to the very door of which he attended him, bowing and rising alternately without ceasing, like a bulrush in windy weather. In the mean time, Sir Charles having said many tender things with his eyes to his mistress, and bowed profoundly low to Lady Clayton, was suffered to get into his chair very quietly, with nothing from Sir Harry, but—"Sir Charles, I have the honour to wish you a good night."

In the way to the concert Sir Charles could not help reflecting a little upon the small agreement there seemed to be between the formidable idea which he had conceived of his noble rival, and that despicable little lump of nothing which rode in the chair before him.

“The man’s character,” said he to himself, “seems short, he is a fool: and one sees at first sight that he can have no attachment for above a month to any thing. But he is a fool of fashion, and therefore may wish to marry Miss Clayton more from vanity than any other passion, and then his being a fool, as long as he is a lord, will do me but little service with Sir Harry. If the other man is like this wretch, how has the poor dear girl been pestered!” With reflections of this sort he amused himself till his chair stopped at the concert room door, and he followed his lordship up the room in one continued fit of astonishment at hearing how much and how little he had to say to every person he met with; and when he found that not one escaped him of all that he passed from the door to the bench nearest the orchestra, and that even when
he

Sir CHARLES BEVILLE. 153

he arrived there, he was not contented without having something to say to the first violin, he could not help exclaiming as he sat down, "I do not believe any man in the kingdom can do it, except himself."



CHAP. IV.

During the Concert, Sir Charles discovers a Person, and Lord B. a Person's Name. Sir Charles changes his Notions with Regard to his Rivals, and forms some very pacific Resolutions.

DURING the first act of the concert, Lord B. was extremely civil to his new acquaintance in one respect, and as rude in another: for he would not suffer him to attend for a moment to the music, so great was his eagerness to talk; but then in return he was letting him into the name, family, birth, parentage and education of every man and woman within sight, and out of hearing: and, as the company at Bath is very fluctuating, Sir Charles met with many faces which he did not know, and many new anecdotes with regard to those he did; so that upon the whole he was not sorry to sacrifice one evening's amusement to intelligence, especially as he learned more from his lordship in an hour, than he could have done from any other channel in a month. When the first act was over,

over, Sir Charles observed the peer bow, in a manner much more reserved than his usual liveliness admitted of, to a man who sat at some little distance from them, and who seemed to make little or no return to his civility. The figure of this person was too remarkable to escape notice; and indeed wherever he went, the eyes of the company were generally upon him for the first ten minutes after he entered. He seemed about forty years of age, fat, clumsy, and awkward in his person; he had a white sordid complexion, heightened by a wig loaded with powder, and his whole figure was rendered conspicuous by the greatest profusion of finery that could be heaped upon it, without the least shadow of propriety, taste, or elegance. His behaviour was of a piece with his dress; an insupportable haughtiness, and a studied contempt of decency and good-breeding, reigned throughout his whole deportment; in short, his whole appearance and behaviour seemed to say, "I have money
" enough, what need I care for any one!" Sir Charles was a good deal surprized to find that his noble instructor had suffered him to wait near five minutes without giving him the history of this remarkable personage; and his surprize increased, when he found he began to talk of something else, without satisfying the curiosity which the figure of the man had

a good deal excited: he therefore took the first opportunity of a moment's cessation of talk, to ask his name. "'Tis a fellow they call
" Sir Isaac Rupee," replied the peer, and all the surprize at his silence upon that subject vanished in an instant. "A fellow," continued he, "who because he has been plundering
" honest people on the other side the globe,
" and has brought home a ship-load of gold
" and diamonds, thinks proper to affront all
" mankind, and has the assurance to be—to
" be, Sir—to have some pretensions to the
" favour of a certain young lady, at whose
" lodgings I had the honour of meeting you;
" I presume your relation." "I cannot but
" wonder, my lord," replied Sir Charles,
" at his assurance in aspiring to the favour
" of Miss Clayton, whose worth is not to be
" estimated by ship-loads of money; as I
" think I should find no difficulty in telling
" Sir Isaac, was I to have the honour of meet-
" ing him there, as I had your lordship; not
" that I have at present any claim to the title
" your lordship is pleased to honour me with,
" of relation to that amiable young lady."
"No, Sir!" replied the peer with some confusion; "you seemed, I thought, upon the
" footing of an intimate acquaintance; may
" I beg, Sir—I ask pardon—but—may I beg
" the favour of your name?"—Sir Charles
had

had an idea that Lord B. was ignorant of his pretensions to Miss Clayton, and therefore had some design in what he said to open his eyes as it were by chance; but that he could be so conversant with a person for several hours, offer him his acquaintance, let him into all he knew himself, and behave to him with so much familiarity, without so much as knowing his name, he could have no idea; he could not help smiling therefore when he told him his name was Beville. The confusion which appeared in Lord B.'s face at the name, convinced Sir Charles that the reverse of what he had imagined was the case, and that Lord B. knew that Sir Charles Beville was his most formidable rival, but, like Sir Martin Mar-all, had no notion that his new acquaintance was he. The discovery was distressing for Lord B. upon several accounts, one of which was, that as he knew not how to drop his civility to him all at once, so, on the other hand, he hardly knew how to prevail upon himself to keep it up: the latter however he was at length driven to in his own defence; for he could find no excuse for talking rudely to him; not to talk at all, was impossible; and as he sat next the wall, with Sir Charles on his left hand, and the orchestra in his front, and found it inconvenient to talk to those who sat behind him, he had literally
nobody

nobody else to whom he could talk: he was therefore even forced to put his discovery in his pocket, and let his tongue take its course. As Sir Charles had neither got nor lost by the discovery, it had no effect upon his behaviour; so that when the concert ended, they parted with the same civility with which they had met. Sir Charles adjourned to the tavern with two or three acquaintance whom he had picked up in the room, and retired to his lodgings at night, with far less formidable impressions of his rivals than he had entertained in the morning. He thought he saw far enough into their characters, to judge that he should not have much to apprehend from their resentment, and indeed imagined, with some justice, that neither of them would be very forward to come to an explanation with him upon the subject, and that, with a little patience and resolution, he might possibly carry off his mistress from them both, without ever coming to an explanation with either of them. He therefore determined to proceed in his own calm way, without taking any farther notice of them than they obliged him to do, to be always near enough his mistress in public, to be ready to relieve her if she was too much oppressed with impertinence, but ne-

ver officiously to endeavour to keep her
 other lovers at a distance, nor to be con-
 spicuously her escorte whenever she set
 her foot out of doors; to take his op-
 portunity of making his proposals to Sir
 Harry, and to receive the refusal which
 he had reason to expect with temper;
 and pursue his own plan in such a man-
 ner, as, if possible, to make his lordship's
 defeat the effect of his own determination
 to withdraw his pretensions, rather than
 Miss Clayton's refusal to accept of them:
 for, dearly as Sir Charles loved Miss
 Clayton, and intimately as his happiness
 was connected with hers, such were at
 the same ~~time~~ his notions of honour,
 and so high his regard for filial obliga-
 tions, that ~~he would not~~ on any ac-
 count have accepted her hand in open
 defiance of her father's authority, or even
 in express opposition to his inclinations:
 but as he knew that the pretensions of
 Lord B. were the only obstacle in the
 way of his own, he thought if he could
 bring his lordship by any means to resign,
 there would be no difficulty in succeed-
 ing to his place; and the rather, because
 Sir Harry would by that means be freed
 from the importunities of Lady Clayton
 in favour of Sir Isaac Rupee, for whom
 he

he had the highest contempt, because, notwithstanding his immense riches, he could by no means tell who was his grandfather, being quite uncertain who was his father.



C H A P. V.

Sir Charles sends a Message, writes a Letter, makes a Visit, and goes to the Coffee-house. A Conversation-piece.

THE next morning proved rainy, and Sir Charles having been somewhat fatigued with his day's work, slept beyond the Pump-room hour. Contenting himself therefore with sending a servant to inquire after Miss Clayton's health, he sat down to write to Norris an account of what had passed since he saw him, and to give him the character of his rivals: which letter I shall not trouble you with, reader, as you have the good fortune to be beforehand with Mr. Norris in the intelligence it contained. The servant who had been dispatched to Miss Clayton, returned with an answer that her head was so much better, that she hoped to be at the ball in the evening. It required no great share of penetration in Sir Charles to discover that this was a hint that she hoped to meet him there; but as he foresaw that if he deferred seeing her till they met at the rooms, she might be drawn in to dance with Lord B. or Sir Isaac, as he did
not

not at that time know that the latter could not dance, he determined upon making her a visit in the afternoon. Accordingly, having dined alone, and dressed early, he went to Sir Harry's lodgings. As his chairman was going to rap at the door, a sash up one pair of stairs was thrown up, and a voice bid him not rap, but stay a moment ; and soon after Mrs. Handy appeared at the door, who informed Sir Charles, that Sir Harry had dined abroad, that Lady Clayton was in the dining-room with Sir Isaac Rupee, and that her lady was dressing, and proposed going to drink tea with a lady, an intimate friend of hers, with whom she intended to go to the rooms, in order to avoid sitting the afternoon with Lady Clayton and Sir Isaac, or rather with Sir Isaac alone, as she knew would be the case ; that she thought it much better to prevent Sir Charles's making a very disagreeable visit, as she had discovered him as he came across the Grove. Sir Charles returned her many thanks, and begging to have the honour of her hand in the evening, ordered his chairmen to the coffee-house, where we shall leave him to drink his tea, and read the papers at his leisure, whilst we take a short view of what passed at Sir Harry Clayton's the preceding evening, after Lord B. and Sir Charles were gone to the concert.

When

When Sir Harry returned from bowing to Lord B. at the door, he found Lady Clayton in a very high stile of passion. She could hardly stay till the drawing-room door was shut, before she began accusing Miss Clayton, with more warmth than decency, of having, as she called it, put a fine trick upon her and Sir Harry, by feigning herself ill in the morning, that she might stay at home to have an opportunity of entertaining Sir Charles Beville.——An imputation of meanness or disingenuity gives a generous mind more pain than any other thing whatever. Miss Clayton, to whom such a charge was as unexpected as the reality of it was far from her heart, was too much surprised to recover herself immediately, and her silence convinced Lady Clayton that her suspicions were true : she was therefore proceeding to treat her with all the ill-language to which little minds can so easily accommodate themselves whenever they have the least shadow of an excuse for it, when Sir Harry entered, and would have inquired into the cause of the passion in which he found his lady was indulging herself at the expence of his daughter ; of whom, to give him his due, he had much too high an opinion, to have the least idea of her being guilty of the meanness which was laid to her charge ; but finding
that

that her ladyship was set a going, at which times it was dangerous going near her till she was quite run down, he contented himself with endeavouring to find out what had provoked her, by the current of her discourse.

He soon found it was in vain to expect that; indeed, in the torrent of her abuse, she had at length forgot it herself, for when she had run herself quite out of breath, she told Sir Harry, that his daughter had acknowledged that she had staid at home by agreement with Sir Charles, and had told them a lie to excuse herself from going with them. Innocence has occasion but for few words to plead its cause. Miss Clayton only lifted up her hands and eyes and exclaimed, " Good God, Madam!" which immediately brought Lady Clayton to recollect that her suspicions were not supported with so strong a proof as she had asserted; she thought fit therefore to retract a little, by saying, " that is, she cannot deny it." The poor young lady, taking a little courage at this, replied with great composure, " Madam, I can and do deny having ever once acted disingenuously with either my father or your ladyship in my whole life: I shall not complain of the ill-treatment you have given me, both by your unworthy suspicion and ill-language in consequence of it, be-
cause

Sir CHARLES BEVILLE. 165

“ cause I know you cannot help it ; but I
“ must assure you, Sir,” turning to her fa-
ther, “ that I knew not the least of Sir
“ Charles Beville’s being at Bath, till after I
“ got up, which was very late, as I had
“ really had a bad night, and then Handy
“ told me he had been here, and said he
“ would call again in the evening. If there
“ is any harm in his being here, I dare say
“ Sir Charles is too well-bred to come to any
“ house where his company is disagreeable ;
“ but from the civility which you was pleased
“ to shew him when he was last at Bath, he
“ could have no suspicion of that being the
“ case here.” “ Which *you* was pleased to
“ shew him, you mean, Miss,” cried Lady
Clayton. “ Why, Harriet,” said Sir Harry,
“ with regard to civility, to be sure Sir
“ Charles Beville is a gentleman, and has a
“ right to demand civility every where ; and as
“ a gentleman, I should be greatly to blame,
“ was I not to shew it him ; but if Sir Charles
“ comes here with any other view than that of
“ a common acquaintance, if, I say, he has
“ any farther views, he cannot imagine that
“ I shall pay him the same civility in that re-
“ spect which I shall to his superiors. Supe-
“ rior rank will demand superior civility,
“ Harriet ; a lord more than a baronet, a ba-
“ ronet

“coronet more than a knight.” — “I don’t
“know that,” interrupted Lady Clayton,
“if the knight is richest.”—Sir Harry was
now set a going, so he paid no attention to
her remark, but went on,—“a knight more
“than a simple esquire; and when you are a
“countess—” “(Vich I hope she never will
“be,” cried Lady Clayton)—“you will both
“know it and expect it. Do you think,
“Harriet, if you should be so silly as to re-
“fuse to accept of Lord B. and he should
“marry some other woman, and you was to
“take up with a commoner afterwards, do
“you think, I say, that your heart would
“not ache every time Lady B.’s coach was
“called? Or that it would not hurt you to
“give her place every where, and sit below
“her, and dance after her, and have neither
“coronet nor supporters?” “Indeed, Sir,”
replied Miss Clayton, “if my heart never
“aches till then, I shall be the happiest wo-
“man in England.” “Mere affectation,”
exclaimed Sir Harry, “it is impossible that
“any one can have that contempt for rank
“and precedence which you, Harriet, pretend
“to.” “Why not,” said Lady Clayton,
“if they have money enough, it will purchase
“respect enough, I’ll warrant it.” My dear
“Lady Clayton,” said Sir Harry, “you
“have

“ have quite a wrong notion of these things.
 “ Sir Harry,” replied her ladyship, who had
 by this time pretty well recruited her strength,
 “ my notions, for aught I know, are much
 “ better than yours. Cornets and supporters,
 “ and all them there things may be very well
 “ for any thing as I know ; but I know, and
 “ so do you too, Sir Harry, I say, Sir Harry,
 “ so do you too, that they will neither pay
 “ tradesmen, nor redeem mortgages ; and if
 “ Miss Harriet chuses to refuse the offers Sir
 “ Isaac Rupee makes her, who to be sure has
 “ a mint of money, she may chance to hear
 “ of her lord’s waiting in his hall two
 “ or three hours when he comes to bor-
 “ row money ; I’d have her mind that,
 “ that’s all.” There were some things
 in this speech to which Sir Harry did
 not chuse to reply ; so waving the sub-
 ject, he asked Miss Clayton if Sir Charles
 was in parliament : to which she replied,
 she did not know ; and then the red book
 of knowledge was to be fetched, and so
 the conversation began to grow general,
 and at length ended in a pool at treddille
 till supper ; soon after which the young
 lady retired, and left Sir Harry and his
 lady to discourse over the occurrences of
 the day.

Now,

Now, as they had each of them a separate scheme in view for the disposal of Miss Clayton, they could seldom talk upon that subject long together; as the discourse, after the first or second reply, generally grew warm, and then the reflections which each cast on the favourite of the other, were by degrees transferred by each to the other, and then Sir Harry swore, my lady cried, and there was an end of the matter. But at present the case was altered; for Miss Clayton seeming to have an inclination to set up a separate interest of her own, which would be equally prejudicial to both their schemes, they agreed at once that their first step must be to join forces, in order to break this new interest, and then the way would be all plain and open again for each to promote their own plan. Accordingly, this new league being entered into between the two contending parties, which is never done but at the expence of some third person, it was agreed upon that Sir Harry should behave with great distance to Sir Charles, and if he found that he proceeded, without coming to any explanation, to visit constantly at the house, and pay particular attention to Miss Clayton,

Clayton, that then Sir Harry should speak first, and inform him that his daughter was not at liberty.

This prudent resolution being formed, they retired to rest in better temper with each other than they had done for some months before.



What passed at the Rooms.

WE left Sir Charles Beville drinking his tea at the coffee-house, and as he has by this time finished it, we will attend him to the rooms, whither he went rather earlier than usual, in hopes that Miss Clayton might do the same, and that he might by that means enjoy half an hour's conversation with her before the rooms filled. Mechanically as it were he took possession of the very corner in which he had first entertained Miss Clayton, and where he had received the first impressions in her favour. He was indulging himself in some not unpleasing reflections, when he saw Miss Clayton and her friend walk up the room by themselves ; he immediately joined them, and was introduced by Miss Clayton to Mrs. Stapleton, as her most intimate friend : by which he found that he might be at liberty to enter upon any subject before her without reserve. He therefore ventured to ask what had passed after he was gone the preceding evening ; of which Miss Clayton gave him an account, not entirely such indeed as the reader has been favoured with, but sufficient to prepare him for a reception from Sir Harry not altogether

gether so friendly as he had met with before he left Bath. Sir Charles in his turn then entertained her with an account of what had passed at the concert; not without some remarks upon the character of Lord B. in general, and the particular circumstance of his having no suspicion to whom he was talking, till he found it out by accident, upon which he enlarged with some humour, and the ladies enjoyed it not a little; so that by the time his lordship had discovered them, they were all three indulging themselves in a hearty fit of laughing. Any other man would have suspected the cause of their mirth; but Lord B. had too much vanity to imagine that he could possibly be an object of ridicule himself; coming up to them therefore with an air of gaiety, he begged earnestly to be let into the joke. The ladies recovered their countenances, and said nothing; Sir Charles composedly enough told him they were laughing at a person whom his lordship did not know. As Lord B. could laugh, if he chose it, without a joke as well as with one, he was very well satisfied, and began to talk as fast as ever, without the least appearance of remembering the hint he had received from Sir Charles the evening before. The ladies, who were not acquainted with the pacific resolutions which Sir Charles had formed, were a little apprehensive lest he might

take some opportunity of interrupting the flow of gallantry with which his lordship was entertaining Miss Clayton, in a way which might be productive of serious consequences; but were agreeably surprized to find him smile at it with the same kind of complacency as he would have done at the fawning of a spaniel, or the tricks of a monkey. And indeed his behaviour was so composed and natural, that Lord B. himself seemed to be deceived by it, and possibly might conclude that whatever his designs might formerly have been with regard to Miss Clayton, he would not presume to continue his pretensions against a rival of his rank and figure. Whether his vanity had thoroughly persuaded him that this was the case, and that Sir Charles fully intended to withdraw his pretensions, or whatever cause time may hereafter discover for his behaviour, certain it is, that he seemed to look on him as a very harmless acquaintance, and was not at all disturbed when he found he was engaged to dance with his mistress, and when they stood up to dance, left them with a laugh, saying, "My dear Sir Charles, I intrust her to your care, take care of her for my sake;" and then, turning to Mrs. Stapleton, asked her if he should have the honour of being of her quadrille party, as he knew she seldom danced. Mrs. Stapleton excused herself,

herself, having an inclination to see a little more of Sir Charles, of whom she had heard so much from her friend, and with whom, from the little she had seen of him, she was greatly taken. She therefore sat down in the old corner, in hopes that Miss Clayton and her partner would join her when the dance was finished; which accordingly they did, and were not a little pleased to find that Lord B. was drawn in to sit down to cards with a dowager party, who would not easily part with him. There was some enchantment in that corner which always detained our party longer in it than they intended; so that Miss Clayton and Sir Charles had already sat down two dances, before they recollected that their design was to avoid particularity in public as much as possible: recollecting however at length that the eyes of the company might possibly be upon them, they determined to stand up the next dance, and in the mean time Sir Charles strolled into the card room, and leaning a minute over Lord B.'s chair, waited till he saw him begin a fresh pool, and then had the cruelty to tell him, that the ladies thought him gone home, it was so long since they had seen him: my lord sighed, wished he could cut himself into two, that one half might dance whilst the other played at cards, at which he laughed

so heartily, that it was plain he thought he had said a good thing; the dowagers good naturedly took his word for it, and laughed for company, and Sir Charles returned to his place, envying people who could be so easily pleased. At his return, he found his place occupied by Sir Isaac Rupee, who coming late into the rooms, and seeing Lord B. at cards, concluded Miss Clayton was not there. Strolling up the room however, he was surprised to find her sitting very quietly with her friend. He had just expressed his surprise in his own way by exclaiming, "Why how the devil comes this about!" When Sir Charles came up, he did not seem to take the least notice of Sir Isaac, but reminding Miss Clayton that the company were standing up to dance, he very composedly handed her to her place. It is not easy to imagine the astonishment with which Sir Isaac beheld a man, whom he had never seen in his life, take away his mistress with the air of an intimate acquaintance: having followed them with his eyes to their place, he turned round to ask information of Mrs. Stapleton; but she had taken the opportunity of his surprise to walk off: so that he was obliged to walk down the room, with a question in his mouth, which he blurted out to every one he met, and was at length informed by the master of the ceremonies,

ries, that it was Sir Charles Beville : to which he replied, "And who the devil is he?" To which question being able to get no other answer, than a baronet of good estate in Northamptonshire, he sat himself down to observe his motions, in great discomposure.

To say the truth, he was in great perplexity ; for he had taken it into his head to have an inclination for Miss Clayton, but just in the same manner as he would have done for a fine China jar, a fine picture, or any other fine piece of furniture ; because he thought she would look well, and do him credit in his house ; for as to love, he had not the least idea of it, except possibly of that spurious branch of it, which his money would help him to the gratification of whenever he pleased. With this view, however, he had formed a design of purchasing her, and had no more notion of his being refused for a man whose estate was less than his own, than he would have had of being outbid at an auction : and it was this notion which made him so perfectly easy at the assiduity with which he saw Lord B. pay his court to her ; for though he had some guess at his intentions, he knew that his estate was very moderate, and concluded that he had nothing to do but make his own offers to set his lordship's pretensions quite out of the question. But notwithstanding the good opinion which he had of himself,

and the little expectation he had of being refused, he had lately begun to suspect, from some circumstances in her behaviour to him, that Miss Clayton was rather blind to his merit, and did not receive the honour of his addresses with that satisfaction which he thought she ought to have done. When therefore he saw the affability and complacency with which she behaved to this stranger, the smile of attention with which she listened to whatever he said, and the air of frankness with which she gave him her hand, so very different from the stiff, reserved, grave aspect with which she received all the marks of attention he was pleased to shew her, he began to entertain a suspicion very little, in his opinion, to the credit of her understanding. In short, there was something in the whole appearance of Sir Charles Beville which bespoke him a favoured rival. Without inquiring any farther, therefore, he resolved to affront him; and accordingly got up from his seat with great wrath to put his resolution in practice. But just as he came within sight of Sir Charles, something or other within him gave him a check, and, stopping for a moment to observe him a little more narrowly, he saw something in his air so manly, so calm, so assured, so adroit, that he thought he might as well take some other opportunity, and before he proceeded to extremities, see whether
his

his suspicions were just or not. In short, though he loved Miss Clayton very well, yet he began to feel that he loved Sir Isaac Rupee much better, and as he apprehended that affronting Sir Charles might possibly be service of danger, like Captain Bobadil, he chose to be off. It was not however in very good humour that he made an effort to join the party, when, at the end of the dance, they had retired to their old corner; they were entertaining themselves with something that had passed, and partly by accident, partly by design, were conversing in French; a language which Sir Isaac never had capacity enough to make himself master of, though he had enjoyed many advantages in that respect which the rest of the party had not, as he was the only one who had ever been out of England. When he came up, Sir Charles was telling a story; in the midst of which he must have interrupted him, which he did not chuse to do; or else be under the necessity of standing to look on, without comprehending a word that was said, which he knew not how to do: when he had stood a minute therefore without finding an opportunity of speaking himself, or any body finding one to speak to him, he walked off with so sheepish an air, that it was not possible for the lively Mrs. Stapleton to avoid bursting into a loud laugh, which convinced him that they

were talking of him, and had their reasons for talking in French. Now was the time for his premeditated quarrel, as to say the truth, Sir Charles, or at least his party, had all the appearance of having struck the first stroke; he accordingly turned half round, in order to put it in execution, but the faithful monitor in his breast gave him a second check, and he walked off, called for his chair in a passion, and vented those curses upon his chairmen which he meant for Sir Charles Beville.

Soon after the rest of the party retired, having agreed to meet the next morning at the Pump-room, after which Sir Charles had desired to escorte them to dine at Bristol, as Mrs. Stapleton had never seen that city nor the Hot-Wells.

CHAP. VII.

A Jaunt to Bristol. A Hint in Favour of third Persons. A Mistake rectified. A Plan concerted.

SIR Charles was early at the Pump-room the next morning, and was attending very quietly to a concerto of Geminiani, when Mrs. Stapleton tapped him on the shoulder. "Do you know, Sir Charles," said she, "that I have not had one wink of sleep since I saw you?" "If I was a man of gallantry, Madam," replied he, "instead of truth, I should have said the same to you." "If you had," replied she, "I should not have accused myself of having broken your rest, any more than I do you of having broken mine: and yet you was concerned in it too; but it was my own indiscretion, Sir, that did it, and for which I am now come, the very instant after I was dressed, and, by the bye, without waiting for Harriet, who promised to call, but whom I never thought of, till this moment, most sincerely to ask your pardon."

“ Pray, Madam,” cried Sir Charles, “ be
 “ so good as to explain this matter, for I pro-
 “ test I know of no indiscretion you could
 “ be guilty of last night, unless you call it
 “ one to have honoured with your acquaint-
 “ ance a young man who possibly may not
 “ deserve it.” “ No, Sir !” returned she,
 “ only recollect when that great oaf Sir Isaac
 “ came and stared at us for two or three mi-
 “ nutes, and then walked off as if he had
 “ stolen something : I, a greater oaf by half,
 “ could find nothing to do but to burst into a
 “ loud laugh. He must conclude, Sir, that we
 “ were all laughing at him, and by his looks
 “ I saw he did ; and have been terrified to
 “ death for fear he should make it an excuse
 “ to quarrel with you.” “ If he should,
 “ Madam,” replied Sir Charles, “ I shall
 “ certainly expect that you will do me the fa-
 “ vour to be my second.”

“ Well, well,” said she, “ you may make
 “ as light of it as you please, but I am
 “ convinced that I was very silly, and as
 “ many a quarrel has begun upon much
 “ less grounds, I only hope you may hear
 “ no more of it ; for I doubt, Sir Charles,
 “ you must expect some rough treatment
 “ from that proud wretch, before he will
 “ let you carry off his mistress in triumph.”
 “ As to that, Madam,” replied he, “ if he
 “ is

“ is as proud as I am, he will be above giving any man rough treatment. I am very proud, Mrs. Stapleton, and I’ll tell you what of—my temper. I value myself upon being the most difficult to provoke of any man in England ; but with regard to Sir Isaac, I am convinced he is not a person to put my temper to the proof: had I a sensible man, a modest man, a deserving man, for my rival, I don’t know what trouble he might give me ; but at present, believe me, I am perfectly easy upon that head.”

Lady Clayton and her daughter-in-law that instant entering the room, prevented Mrs. Stapleton’s making a reply to what Sir Charles had said, and they walked up together to join them. Whilst Mrs. Stapleton was making her apologies to Miss Clayton for not having waited for her, Sir Charles paid his compliments to Lady Clayton, who received them with great coolness ; and, by a look which Miss Clayton gave him, he found there had been something wrong between them. In fact, she was highly offended at not having been invited to be of the party to Bristol, and had desired Sir Harry to insist upon Miss Clayton’s not going ; but Sir Harry, who was too polite as well as too tender a father to restrain his daughter in any reasonable amusements,

(and unreasonable ones she knew not how to wish for) had excused himself, and only just hinted to her, that parties of this kind were not the most desirable for young ladies, especially if they were frequent, and not engaged in with people of the first rank. Sir Charles himself had formed an idea that Lady Clayton might possibly be offended at not being invited, and had accordingly determined to ask her, if he met her at the Pump-room; which, without knowing what had passed, he was doing just as ill-fortune had sent the malapert Lord B. to join them. Lady Clayton seized this opportunity of being handsomely revenged of Sir Charles, and, in answer to his invitation, said, "I am much obliged to you, Sir, but I
" am engaged this morning; but if you have a
" spare place in your coach, here is Lord B. as
" I dare say will be glad to accept of it." Lord B. as she had imagined, caught at it immediately. "Who I? ay I'll go any
" where: where are we going, ha! Sir
" Charles! Is your coach ready, or shall I
" order mine? Nay, dear Lady Clayton,
" come, you shall go positively; we'll all be
" of the party, faith!" The utmost malice of fortune could not have thrown a more disagreeable circumstance in Sir Charles's way; but he had the minute before been boasting of his temper, and so was preparing him-
self

self to suffer with a good grace, and accept civilly of his lordship's company, as he did not know how to get rid of him ; when luckily, as he thought, it came into his mind that Governor Beville was at Bristol, and the ladies found themselves relieved from the terror they were in of being tormented with his lordship all day, by his saying, that he should think himself highly honoured by his lordship's company, had he not unfortunately engaged to bring Governor Beville home in the evening. Sir Charles never overshot himself so much in his life ; for without doubt the same objection would have held good with regard to Lady Clayton's going : but whether she was not quick enough to discover the *faux pas*, or whether she relented, and was not willing to perplex him any farther, she took no notice of it. As to my lord, he probably would not have been so easily put off, had not an invitation to meet all the world at a public breakfast accidentally fallen in his way ; and as he always chose to go where he was most likely to find the largest audience, he presently forgot his mistress, and Bristol, and Sir Charles, and every thing that had been said about the scheme. — The original party, being thus disengaged from all incumbrances, set out immediately for fear of accidents.

I don't

I don't know, reader, whether you was ever in love; even if you have, I am not sure whether you are sufficiently aware, that the kind of party Sir Charles is now engaged in, is the happiest that can possibly be imagined. It is a mistaken notion to suppose that a third person is always an incumbrance to lovers: to people, on the contrary, who are in the situation in which Sir Charles and Miss Clayton were, a third person, of a lively understanding, a generous heart, and who is thoroughly in their interest, is of great use. It takes off from that reserve which is the natural result of too great sensibility, and, by sometimes giving a more general turn to the conversation, makes the happy couple feel a more joyous kind of intercourse with each other, whilst circumstances of mutual endearment and confidence steal, as it were, into the behaviour, under the sanction of a general friendship, which a timidity, arising from too constant an attention to their own situation, often precludes in a *tête-à-tête*.—A heart which is diffident of itself, as every amiable heart is in some degree, loves to have the sanction of a friend's approbation; for which reason Miss Clayton ventured to give Sir Charles many proofs of her partiality to him before Mrs. Stapleton, which she would probably have scrupled without her assuring countenance: and to a heart which

is

is capable of feeling, one instance of attention, of confidence, of friendly attachment, is worth forty extorted acknowledgments of love; the latter may proceed from various motives, but nothing but real esteem can produce the former.

During this little excursion, Sir Charles, at the same time that he found every former motive for his attachment to Miss Clayton strengthened, was so happy as to find that he had an additional one of the most endearing nature, which was a consciousness of having made himself master of her most affectionate esteem: every word, every look, gave him proofs of it; and he was not behind-hand in testifying his gratitude. The lively Mrs. Stapleton saw and enjoyed their mutual happiness, and by keeping up a spirited vein of conversation, afforded them opportunities of shewing their attention to each other, and enjoying their own situation, without the insipidity of talking of it.

After they had seen every thing worth seeing at the Hot-Wells, they proposed taking a drive up to Clifton, and a turn upon Derdham Down, till dinner was ready: and Sir Charles, that he might endeavour to have told truth to Lord B. sent a servant to inquire out the governor, and to offer to convey him to Bath in the evening; but the governor was not to be found;

found ; so that the party returned as they came, and probably never did any three people enjoy a happier day.

It was rather late before they reached Bath in the evening, and the ladies being set down at Mrs. Stapleton's lodgings, Sir Charles took his leave, and went to look in at the rooms. The first person he met was the governor, who had arrived at Bath in the morning, having passed then unobserved on the road. After the mutual salutations were over, the governor whispering, asked Sir Charles what he had done with Lady Beville. "With whom?" replied Sir Charles. "Lady Beville," said the governor. "Lady Clayton, I suppose you mean," said Sir Charles; "she did not go with us; I left Miss Clayton with her friend." "Come, come, Sir Charles," said the governor, "it does not signify to deny it, for it is all over the place that you and Miss Clayton set out for Bristol this morning with a special licence in your pocket; and that you are married long before this time, every body takes for granted." "Are you in earnest?" cried Sir Charles. "Perfectly so," replied the governor. "Sir Harry Clayton believes it, and I believe it myself too, more particularly, since Lord B. here has been telling me, that you put him off going with you, upon
"pretence

“pretence that you had engaged to bring me
“home in your coach; now, you know, I
“have never seen nor heard a word of you
“since your return to Bath; neither should I
“have known that you was returned, if Cod-
“joo had not told me that he met you in the
“street two or three days ago, in a great
“hurry.”

Sir Charles assured him that there was not
one word of truth in the report, and begged,
that if it was really believed, he would take
pains to contradict it. “Nay, for that mat-
“ter,” said the governor, “I don’t think it
“is absolutely believed, because the person
“who set it about seldom has the luck to be
“much credited.” “I cannot imagine who
“it could be,” said Sir Charles, “unless
“Sneer is come back to Bath.” “The very
“man,” cried the governor; “he is now at
“picquet with a great Nabob here, a Sir
“Isaac Rupee, and is making him lose all his
“money, by talking about Lady Beville: I
“never heard a fellow swear so in my life.
“By the way, Charles, if you have any
“thoughts of that young lady in earnest, I
“would have you take care of this Sir Isaac,
“for they say he will certainly dispute the
“point with you, and he is a desperate, trou-
“blesome fellow.” Sir Charles smiled, and
taking the governor under the arm, strolled
towards

towards the table where Sir Isaac and Sneer were engaged at picquet, and placed himself behind Sneer's chair. Sir Isaac was within a few points of winning the party, in fear of which, just as he was with great attention discarding, Sneer began to puzzle him by talking of Lady Beville. Sir Charles with great composure wheeled round behind Sir Isaac's chair, and stared Mr. Sneer full in the face, with a look so very expressive, that had he seen a ghost, he could not have been more astonished. The words froze in his mouth, and his countenance fell in such a manner, that Sir Charles had much difficulty in refraining from laughing: he kept his countenance, however, and his station, till the party was finished in favour of Sir Isaac (the presence of Sir Charles having had the same effect upon Sneer as he intended his idea should have had upon his antagonist); he then went up to him with great coolness, and said, "Mr. Sneer, I am
" informed that you have been pleased to make
" very free with my name to-day, and to
" raise a report, for which you know there
" was not the least foundation; be pleased,
" Sir, to go up to Sir Harry and Lady Clay-
" ton, who are engaged at Lord B.'s table
" with a large party at tea, and inform them
" that every thing you told them of me
" was

"was a downright falsehood from beginning to end." Sneer looked foolish enough, notwithstanding he was as much used to this kind of treatment as any man upon earth: he attempted partly to deny it, then to laugh it off: in short, he tried by every means to get off: but Sir Charles was so steady and so very calm, that Sneer thought it safest to comply, which he did at length with a very bad grace, to the no small diversion of the company, and the no less astonishment of Sir Isaac, who firmly believed the report, and was much puzzled in his mind whether to be vexed or pleased at discovering it to be false; for if, on the one hand, it shewed him that his mistress was not irrecoverably gone, it taught him, on the other, that Sir Charles was not a man to be trifled with, but was one of those people, who by having acquired a perfect command over themselves, gain with great ease as perfect a one over every one else.

Sir Charles's cool behaviour upon this occasion turned the laugh on the other side; and any man, but Sneer, would have thought it adviseable to have left the place after such a defeat; but as he had the comfort of reflecting that he had done nothing more than acknowledge himself to be

be what every body had long thought him, he kept his ground.

Sir Harry and Lady Clayton, though they had affected to laugh at the report, were nevertheless in their hearts very glad that their daughter was returned from Bristol in the same situation in which she went thither, and before they left the rooms Sir Harry gave Lord B. an invitation to dinner the next day, in order to give him an opportunity of making his proposals in form to the young lady; which he did not doubt but he would be glad to seize the first favourable minute of doing, now he saw how dangerous a rival he had to contend with. It is probable, that Lady Clayton would have invited Sir Isaac with the same view, but, whether he thought Sir Charles looked as if he had something to say to him next, or whether he was only tired of picquet, or what was his reason, I cannot say, but he was gone home. Some cold civilities passed between Sir Charles and the Claytons, during which Lord B. contrived to draw poor Sir Harry into a scrape, and give Sir Charles his complete revenge on Lady Clayton for the favour she had endeavoured to do him in the morning; for, coming up to Sir Charles, he asked him aloud, "Sir Charles, don't you dine
" at

"at Clayton's to-morrow? I do, and we intend to make a party for the play in the evening." Sir Harry's politeness obliged him to say he should always be glad of Sir Charles's company, and Sir Charles did not think proper to refuse to dine with his mistress, though at the invitation of his rival; and so Sir Harry's plan was all disconcerted, and the company parted for the evening, some in good humour, some in bad, and some in neither one nor the other.



C H A P. VIII.

A Conversation at the Tavern. Another at Sir Harry Clayton's. A Conference begun and ended.

SIR Charles and the governor adjourned to the tavern to sup by themselves, that they might be at liberty to talk over all that had passed since they saw each other. Sir Charles informed his uncle of all that he had done, and was doing at the hall; and opened his heart to him with regard to Miss Clayton. The governor shook his head, and said he did not think Sir Harry would consent to it. "Neither," said he, "do I think the girl herself is easily to be got; for I have observed, that though she has had Lord B. on one side of her, and Sir Isaac on the other, one talking as fast as he could chatter, and the other as loud as he could bawl, she has minded them no more than if they had whistled. She is devilishly shy, Charles; and I am afraid if their impudence could not make her mind them, your modesty will never do it." Sir Charles

Charles smiled at the governor's observation, and told him that young ladies of good understandings were not to be moved by chattering or bawling.

"Ecod! then," said the governor, "here are very few of good understandings in this place, for all the girls that I know, except Miss Clayton, seem to be pleased with nothing else." "Well, well," said Sir Charles, "if I could but bring her father to think as well of my pretensions as he does of Lord B.'s, I should not much fear succeeding with the young lady herself." "Lord B.'s!" cried the governor. "Why does Sir Harry think that Lord B. intends to marry his daughter?" "Undoubtedly he does," replied Sir Charles, "if she will consent to have him." "Why then," said the governor, "undoubtedly—he is a fool. Why you must know my horses and his lordship's stand at the same livery-stable, and his groom and Codjoo are hand and glove: now this groom is an old servant, in great favour with his lordship, and it seems is continually praying that his lord may not marry, because he says he is so very good-humoured that he knows a wife would turn him round her finger, which, you know, Codjoo, says he, is not a good thing for old servants: so Codjoo, who

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“ loves a joke, was teasing Samson the other day, telling him, “ Dom yo, yo Samson, yore lord go to be marry vid Miss Clayton, and his wife too strong for yo.” “ Look ye, Codjoo,” says Samson, “ I’m never afraid my lord should marry a girl a bit the more for gallopping after her, and talking to her, and all that; my lord must have somebody to talk to, and he always chuses, to be sure, that it should be the prettiest girl in the place; but if he was to marry them for that reason, he would have been married five hundred times before ever he saw Miss Clayton: no, no, Codjoo, take my word for it, my lord never talks long enough upon one thing to bring a match about for himself; and if his old aunt don’t patch up one for him with some four crab or other with a great fortune, I don’t fear any thing else.” — “ This,” continued the governor, “ is what Samson said to Codjoo, and I’ll take Samson’s word for a thousand.” Sir Charles could not help smiling at the channel by which the governor received his intelligence, though at the same time he could not but acknowledge that there was much plausibility in Samson’s reasoning, especially as he seemed to be pretty well acquainted with his lord’s character: so that all things considered, he saw great reason to hope that Sir Harry might have

have gone a little faster than his lordship, and have mistaken a little harmless gallantry for a proposal of marriage. This is a mistake which young ladies themselves are very apt to fall into, by suffering their wishes to mislead their judgments : now Sir Harry had as strong wishes to lead, and as little judgment to correct them, as any young lady could possibly have, so that it was no wonder, if he should have looked a little farther than his lordship ever intended he should ; Sir Charles had therefore many chances in his favour, that Lord B. so far from making any difficulty of giving up his pretensions, might, after all, have no pretensions to give up.—The governor did not seem to have the least apprehension of Lord B. all he dreaded was the immense wealth of Sir Isaac. “ Only think,” said he, calling for his great coat, “ only think, how far sacks of gold and “ bushels of diamonds will go with such a vain “ fellow as Sir Harry.” Sir Charles told him that he was very certain a coronet upon a coach and plate, and a gallery full of ancestors, would go a great deal farther. “ Why then,” said the governor, thrusting one arm into the sleeve of his coat and wrapping his handkerchief round the other as he spoke, “ why “ then—more fool he.” And so they parted.

The Claytons had not retired in very good humour, and some little civil Billingsgate

passed from Lady Clayton to her daughter-in-law when they met in the evening. "So, Miss—you have had a pleasant day, I don't doubt: I wonder what the age will come to for my part, when young women are so forward to go any where with their fellows. Mr. Sneer might well say you was gone to be married; for my part, I think it is well it is no worse." To all which Miss Clayton, according to her custom upon these occasions, said nothing; but turning to Sir Harry, asked him whether there had been much company at the rooms.

"Company!" said Sir Harry: "No—Yes—There was some; Lord this, and Lady that, and Sir Philip t'other, and Lord B. who, by the way, Harriet, dines here to-morrow." "Yes," cried Lady Clayton, "and must needs take upon him to invite Sir Charles too. I think people of quality take strange liberties." "Did Lord B. Madam," says Miss Clayton, "invite Sir Charles Beville to dine here?" "No," said Sir Harry, "not absolutely so, but he asked him, in my hearing, if he did not dine here, which obliged me to say I should be glad to see him; and indeed, Harriet, it distressed me, and disconcerted my schemes very much; for I wanted to give Lord B. an opportunity of entertaining you in private,"

"vate, as I am confident he has some propo-
 "sals to make you, which I hope you will
 "not refuse." "I dare say, Sir," replied
 Miss Clayton, "Lord B. can say every thing
 "he has to say to me in public as well as pri-
 "vate: for whenever I have been alone with
 "him, his conversation has been just the same
 "as at other times; and so far from appear-
 "ing to have any thing particular to say to
 "me, his whole discourse runs upon other
 "people: except he condescends sometimes
 "to—~~to~~ praise the clearness of my com-
 "plexion, and the whiteness of my hands."
 "Well, Miss Clayton," cried Sir Harry,
 "and is not that something particular? Is
 "not that declaring that he admires you?
 "Besides, I have seen him whisper you in
 "public fifty times, which carries a great air
 "of particularity. Don't you remember when
 "he threw the coffee in Lady Clayton's lap,
 "in reaching across her to whisper you at a
 "public breakfast at Spring-garden—" ("I'm
 "sure I do," cried Lady Clayton)—"and Sir
 "Gregory Fadge whispered me, These happy
 "lovers, Sir Harry, cannot contain themselves;
 "all the room took notice of it? "I re-
 "member it very well, Sir," replied Miss
 Clayton; "and I remember too, that all he
 "had to say was, that Lady Somebody's

"chintz night-gown was not half so elegant
 "as mine, nor the colours half so fine."
 "Well, Miss Clayton," returned Sir Harry,
 "and what could be more polite, more like
 "a lover, than to admire whatever his mistress
 "wears? The ancient knights of romance,
 "Miss, paid the greatest attention to the co-
 "lours of their mistresses, and I think his
 "lordship could not have given you a greater
 "proof of his love or his politeness." "I
 "never, Sir," replied Miss Clayton, smil-
 "ing, "doubted Lord B.'s politeness; but as to
 "his love, I cannot say I have much opi-
 "nion of that." "Well, well, Miss,"
 cried Sir Harry, "you may laugh if you
 "please, and affect to disbelieve his attach-
 "ment to you; but I know he wants nothing
 "but a favourable opportunity to throw him-
 "self at your feet, which opportunity I hope
 "you will give him to-morrow; for, not-
 "withstanding Sir Charles being here, I
 "shall take an occasion to leave you toge-
 "ther."

Miss Clayton was pretty well assured that
 there would be no danger in the experiment,
 so very readily promised her father to obey
 him; which sent him to bed in very good hu-
 mour. As to Lady Clayton, she had not pe-
 netration enough to be of Miss Clayton's opi-
 nion,

nion, and therefore her attachment to Sir Isaac, and her aversion to Lord B. made her somewhat apprehensive for the event of to-morrow's conference; and in her own mind she determined, if possible, to prevent Sir Harry's scheme for leaving the young folks together taking place. Upon which account she was now, for once in her life, not sorry that Sir Charles was to be of the party. But, lest Sir Harry should contrive by some means to draw him out of the room, she thought it adviseable to strengthen the party, by putting Miss Clayton upon inviting Mrs. Stapleton, while she herself sent a card to Sir Isaac Rupee; and she thought with so large a reinforcement, it would be impossible for her not to defeat Sir Harry, as out of so many it would be easy to contrive to have always at least one in the room. But she was not aware that there was one person as eager for the conference in question as Sir Harry himself, and who was determined at all events to bring it to bear; and this was, not Lord B. but Miss Clayton herself, who was so thoroughly persuaded that Lord B. had no proposals, except what might respect going to the play, to make to her, that she longed for nothing more than to give him such an opportunity, as he could not neglect, if he had any thing to say, and by that means to convince Sir Harry that he had nothing to

expect from that quarter, which she hoped might prepare the way for a favourable reception of Sir Charles, especially as she knew the utter contempt which her father had, notwithstanding all his wealth, for such a mushroom as Sir Isaac, and how much he would prefer an alliance with Sir Charles, whose estate, though nothing in comparison of Sir Isaac's, was nevertheless a good one, and his family unexceptionable.

The next day arrived in due time, and the company were all assembled. All in good humour but Sir Isaac; he thought it beneath him: all intent upon their separate schemes, (Sir Charles and Mrs. Stapleton being engaged by Miss Clayton in her interest,) except Sir Isaac; he had no scheme to be intent upon, except it was to sit next to Miss Clayton at dinner, in which he succeeded, and crowed not a little in his own mind, at seeing Sir Charles at the bottom of the table. Dinner passed in the usual way; and when the ladies, according to the horrible custom of this country, retired, and left the gentlemen to port wine and politics, Lady Clayton exulted in the thoughts of having succeeded; imagining that the gentlemen would not stir till they were summoned to coffee, immediately after which it would be necessary to go to the play-house. But she was deceived; and Sir Harry took his turn
of

of exultation ; for seeing Miss Clayton and Mrs. Stapleton in the garden, he took Lord B. into the next room, under pretence of asking him for two or three franks, as he was in parliament, and whilst he was writing them, slipped into the garden, and going up to his daughter, said, " Harriet, did not you say " you wanted some franks ? Lord B. is now " franking for me in the back-parlour, if you " ask him now, he will give you them." Miss Clayton smiled on Mrs. Stapleton, and said, " Very well, Sir, I will take the opportunity."—" Good Girl !" said Sir Harry, and rubbing his hands, returned to his company. Miss Clayton desired her friend to walk till she returned to her, and with a heart though not much disturbed, yet not thoroughly at ease, went into the back-parlour. My Lord B. was sitting with his back to the door, so did not perceive her till she said, " My " lord, I have taken this opportunity to give " you a little farther trouble ; will your lord- " ship favour me with a couple of franks, " when you have finished my father's ?" My lord jumped up from his seat, and with a low bow taking her hand, he led her to a chair, and begged to be honoured with her commands. She dictated a couple of directions to him, and when he had finished them was going to take her leave : but my lord, taking

hold of her hands, as it were to detain her in her chair, said, " Pardon me, charming Miss Clayton, I have now a favour to ask of you, and this is much too favourable an opportunity for me to neglect."

Miss Clayton was ready to sink ; she began now to fear that her father was in the right, and that she was caught in her own trap. She hesitated, looked down, trembled ; any man but Lord B. must have seen her confusion ; he saw nothing but her petticoat." "*A favour, my lord !*" " Yes, Madam," said his lordship ; " have a favour of a particular nature to ask of you, which if you are so divinely good as to grant me, will make me the happiest mortal upon earth." "*My lord—I—*" " It might be expected, Madam," continued his lordship, " that I should have addressed myself to Lady Bell, or Lady Susan, or Lady Charlotte ; but superior beauty, Madam, will always claim superior homage from me, and I hope I may find Miss Clayton's condescension equal to her beauty." "*My lord, your lordship is—*" " O my dear Madam, no disqualifying speeches ; you know you are as much superior in beauty to every woman in Bath, I may as well say in the world, as the Duchesse of Point-d'Espagne is in finery : let me hope therefore, my dearest Miss Clayton, that you will get the better
" of

“ of your modesty, and make me the envy of
 “ mankind one night next week.” Miss
 Clayton started—“ My lord,” said she, “ I
 “ —I really do not understand you”——
 “ Why, Madam,” replied his lordship,
 “ you must know—how enchantingly your
 “ head is dressed to-day, Miss Clayton!—you
 “ must know I have a design”—Miss Clayton
 began to take breath a little—“ I have a de-
 “ sign—by the bye I hear that Sir Isaac Ru-
 “ pee has some thoughts of being beforehand
 “ with me—” Miss Clayton looked queer a-
 gain—“ I have a design to give a pretty ge-
 “ neral ball and supper before I leave Bath—”
 Miss Clayton’s eyes sparkled—“ and if you
 “ would but have the condescension to honour me
 “ so far as to preside at it, and favour me with
 “ your hand, I shall think myself the happiest
 “ man in the world ; and, though I mean it
 “ to be a pretty general one, Miss Clayton
 “ will, I am sure, make so bewitching a fi-
 “ gure at the head of the table, that she need
 “ not fear the eyes of the whole world, if
 “ they could be upon her at once.” Miss
 Clayton could hardly help laughing ; she
 however recovered herself, and returned his
 lordship thanks for the honour he did her,
 begged he would transfer it to some lady who
 would do more credit to his entertainment, and
 at length with some difficulty accepted it, and

returned to her companion in the greatest harmony of spirits imaginable. My lord also returned in high good-humour to his company; and meeting Sir Harry in the passage, he squeezed his hand, told him his daughter was an angel, and had made him the happiest of mankind. Sir Harry concluded the business was done, and was almost mad with joy. And thus ended this important conference, to the present satisfaction of all parties. The gentlemen were soon after summoned to coffee, and the company soon after adjourned to the play.



C H A P. IX.

An Eclaircissement. A Letter.

SIR Harry was so thoroughly convinced that Lord B. had made proposals of marriage to his daughter, and that she, like a dutiful daughter and a prudent young woman, preferring a superior title with a coronet to an inferior one without it, had given him such encouragement as was consistent with her discretion; that he looked upon his lordship as his son-in-law, from the very instant of the squeeze by the hand which he gave him in the passage; and, accordingly, during the play, he was frequently giving hints, and making allusions, which would have puzzled any man but Lord B. to comprehend; they never puzzled him, for he never endeavoured to comprehend them; the whole business of his life was not to hear or understand, but to talk; therefore when any one had done speaking to him, his consideration was not whether he understood what had been said, but that now he had an opportunity of speaking himself. Sir Harry therefore continued to strengthen himself in his error all the evening; and Miss Clayton

Clayton saw his extreme happiness so plainly, that it really gave her great pain to undeceive him. They were however scarce seated in the parlour, after they got home, before Sir Harry, eager to have every circumstance explained to him, began to inquire into what had passed in the other room; and then, O then he found, to his infinite confusion, that he was not born to be the father of a countess. Not that he entirely gave up all hopes; drowning men will catch at straws, and losers never despair retrieving all by the last stake. Sir Harry therefore flattered himself, that Lord B.'s modesty and diffidence had got the better of his inclination this bout; but that at the ball, the important ball, he would be so delighted, so encouraged, so transported, that he would throw himself at her feet, and request the honour of her hand for a much longer period. "For I am sure, Harriet," said he, "he loves you, because I know where he has said so more than once." Which indeed was very true, but, alas! neither lords nor commons always speak truth in these matters. Not but that, to say the truth, his lordship's conduct had been a little problematical; for he had endeavoured, in his way, to persuade the young lady that he was dying for her; he had quite persuaded the world so; and one would have thought, by his constant attendance

attendance upon her, and his affecting to call Sir Isaac Rupee his rival, that he had well nigh persuaded himself so. But, whether it was that his passion began to abate, or his mind to change, or that he did not like the looks of Sir Charles Beville; whether it was any, or all, or none of these things which effected it, I cannot pretend to say, but certain it was, that, at this present writing, nothing could be farther from his thoughts than marrying Miss Clayton. Sir Harry, however, could not be persuaded to think so; and therefore we must leave him to wait a proper time for his conviction, and return a little to Sir Charles Beville, who, at his return to his lodgings, found the following letter from Mr. Norris upon his table.

My dear Sir Charles,

YOUR letter found me amongst bricks, mortar, timber, hods, wheelbarrows, and labourers, and upon the stump of an old tree I sat down to read it. So you are not to be married next week! Well, experience is a fine thing. If I had told you so before you left Northamptonshire, you would not have believed me; now you are able to tell me so.—What a brace of rivals have you described to me!—My grandfather was what you call a devilish

devilish shrewd fellow, and one of his favourite maxims (he had a long string of them upon a thousand subjects, full of quaint thoughts, with paradoxical appearances) was, *Never speak but when you have something to say*. O, if Lord B. had but had such a grandfather! but probably, if he had, he would but have done by him as I did by mine, laughed at him; for which my heart has often smitten me since, for truly I learned many good things from him, which I shall never forget. Whenever I meet with such a chap as Lord B. which with tolerable luck one may do every day in the week, I always think of my grandfather's maxim above mentioned. It is owing to a neglect of it, that so many people are driven to observe that it is hot, or cold, or wet, or dry, and to ask such thin, unmeaning questions, "Well, how d'ye do now? Have you heard any news? Did you ride out to-day?" or else fall a wondering what o'clock it is, or if it will rain, or whose coach it was they met, and so on; as if holding one's tongue was the most impertinent thing in nature. "But," say they, "a silent man appears so stupid." He may, for any thing I know; but surely a man who talks in this fashion, not only appears, but takes great pains to convince you that he is so. If nobody was suffered to speak till he had something to say, what

what pains every body would take to know something! but, in the present state of things they who know how to speak, are the only people who know how to hold their tongues. I wish I could write short-hand; what a collection of discourses, dialogues, and trialogues, I would take down, for you to lay before the house as soon as you get into parliament, in order to bring in a bill for the better preservation of the common-sense of the nation. Surely, surely nothing upon earth can be so mortifying, so *fade*, so *ennuieux* to a man of rational common-sense, I go no higher, than to suffer day after day the conversation which (satire apart) he is forced to meet with in public life! O how happy, if he could do what Rousseau's St. Preux says he did at Paris. *Chaque jour, says he, en sortant de chez moi j'enferme mes sentimens sous la clef, pour en prendre d'autres qui se prêtent aux frivoles objets qui m'attendent.* — "Mere affection and pedantry." Says a man of the world, "If a man can bear no conversation but what is in print, let him go out of the world." So he would, if the world would let him; but it will not. Why now for instance, here came Borroughs and his friend yesterday, called me down from ten times better company in calve's-skin, and, by way of civi-

civility, made me throw away a whole morning upon hearing what they had for dinner at Lord Timon's; that his liquors were excellent, and all in ice, only his port was not so good as the rest (with a sly observation that that is always the case in great houses;) and who was there, and that Lady Somebody had a plate of soup thrown over her petticoat; and that it is a pity so great a man has not better roads about his house; that Stone-quarry lane has been indited sessions after sessions, but that it will never be mended till they indite it at the assizes; that Lord Overshot is got into a new breed of spaniels, which are better for our stiff covers than the large ones he had before; and then comes a dispute, with, "Sir, I doubt that—Lord bless you, why your large spaniel is your only dog for a thick cover, the little breed are buried, lost." "O, Sir, pardon me—I have tried both." And, "O, Sir, you must excuse me, I am sure Sir Timothy Thicket never hunted above fourteen inches, and——" What could I say all this time? I could not tell them that I did not care sixpence for dinners nor spaniels, or that I knew nothing about either; so I sat and said nothing; they talked till they were tired, and then took their leaves; thought me, I dare say, a very
stupid

stupid fellow, but hoped we should be good neighbours. Now this is worshipful society. "That is in the country," says a man of fashion; "but in town—" O yes, in town—there, there you have to be sure—what?—troth, never a barrel the better herring, only the jargon runs in another channel. The news of the day, which is commonly a lie, and that lie a stupid one: somebody in, somebody out, a new chariot, a new play, a hand at quadrille described to a pip; "Beasted alone, Madam, with four mattadores, six trumps, the queen of hearts, double guarded, and a small diamond;" or some such uninteresting matter of fact.—I hate a matter of fact; it produces nothing but hum! ha! wonderful! you don't say so! or some such affair, and then seek out for another. And this folks call conversation.

How happy am I, who am above an hundred miles from the Sir Isaac you talk of. That is a character that I can support the least of any in nature. A fellow whose knowledge is bounded by the multiplication table; who thinks nothing respectable but money, nor contemptible but poverty. Tell him of a man of liberality, taste, sentiment, generosity, ingenuity, and every amiable qualification, he shakes his head, curls his nose, and says he has no turn for *business*.

If

If poor Sir George was alive, he would say, "Now I know that fellow hates music, and would think his son ruined if he had a taste for poetry."—By the way, I have often turned that notion of his in my mind, and am more and more become a convert to it; that is to say, I am convinced that though a taste for the fine arts may not always be a mark of a great mind, yet a contempt for them always indicates the contrary.

When a man tells me he don't enjoy poetry, or that music has no effect upon him; he acknowledges a defect, and I am sorry for him: but I have no more quarrel with him, than I should have had, if he had told me he did not love cheese: but when he comes to affect to despise what he cannot comprehend, to speak of poetry as an amusement for children, and to call every man who understands and enjoys music a fidler; then I set him down for a man of a narrow way of thinking, and, according to Rousseau's notion, cannot help being of opinion, that as he has so little taste for *le beau*, he cannot have much more for *le bon*, as they seem to have *une source commune dans la nature bien ordonnée*.

And

And now I suppose you expect I should give you some account of your affairs in this part of the world, and so I would if I knew where to begin; but though matters go on as smoothly and as expeditiously as they can do, at least so I am informed by the workmen, every thing at present is litter and dirt, and rubbish and confusion; out of which however they say order ariseth, so that by the time I write next, it may be that things will wear another face: in hopes of which I will say nothing of them at present.

I beg leave to send my most sincere respects to Miss Clayton; tell her I seize this opportunity of doing it whilst she is Miss Clayton, because now she may believe that I love and honour her for her own sake; by-and-by she may imagine it is for yours.

Adieu, my dear Sir Charles: let me know all your motions, as they are of much greater consequence to me than my own. I had very near forgot to tell you that I have had a charming letter from Jere Barker. I have at length prevailed on the old gentleman to make up matters, for which he now thinks himself as much obliged as his son. Inclosed, I send you a copy of an ode which poor Jere wrote at the first dawning of his misfortunes, which I think very expressive of his turn of mind,
and

and will I know give you pleasure, as it will
shew you the weight from which you have
relieved him.

Adieu.

Ever yours,

J. NORRIS.





DISAPPOINTMENT.

An ODE:

I.

SEEST thou that form flow gliding
by
Yon mouldring abbey's ivied wall?
Mark, through the languor of her eye,
How fast the pearly tear-drops fall.
'Tis *Disappointment*—from her bow'r,
She steals at ev'ning's dewy hour,
Wand'ring these dreary haunts among,
Repeating still her plaintive song;
And ever thus with looks downcast,
Now feebly slow, now wildly fast,
She winds her solitary way,
Catching the last dim glimpse of day,
Nor seldom, by the moon's pale light,
She lingers till the noon of night,
Whilst still, with silent step, attends her near
Past plaint, past tears, her melancholy child
Despair.

2. Anon

2.

Anon she flies this silent gloom,
 And turns her pale, infectious eye
 To blast young Hope's luxuriant bloom,
 And wither bright Prosperity.
 Wherever Pleasure leads the way,
 And sportive waves her banners gay,
 Whilst Fancy gilds the flatt'rer's brow
 With charms she lingers to bestow;
 Wherever Youth, with lusty pace,
 Pants eager for her warm embrace,
 Whilst Joy amidst the laughing band,
 Still lures him on with proffer'd hand;
 There she intrudes, a hated guest,
 To plant a thorn in ev'ry breast;
 Hope, Pleasure, Joy with blasting step pursues,
 And rears her pallid form, and shrowds their
 flatt'ring views.

3.

Seest thou, at her approach, how low
 Ambition droops his tow'ring head;
 Mark how his air-built fabrics bow,
 How fast his sanguine hopes are fled!
 Where now is ev'ry splendid dream,
 The nightly thought, the daily theme,
 When late the grasping eye of Power,
 Saw Conquest bless each coming hour?
 Where now the wreath, the trophied car,
 The triumphs of successful war?
 They sink, they fade; and in their stead
 The spectre rears her baleful head,

And, glaring in his frantic way,
 She blasts the glories of the day,
 Tears the ideal laurel from his brow,
 And knaps his threatening spear, and lays his
 banner low.

4.

Ah! whither turns she now her eyes?
 Must Love too feel her chilling pow'r?
 And must not his sweet blossoms rise,
 To smile on Youth's too fleeting hour?
 Must they too, fading ere their prime,
 Anticipate the stroke of time,
 Whilst her keen, with'ring blast bestrews
 The May of life with winter snows?
 Yes—for she marks the gen'rous breast
 Where Love and anxious Fondness rest,
 Where Virtue stamps her hallow'd name,
 And Expectation feeds a flame
 Replete with hopes of future joy;
 But ah! she marks but to destroy;
 With shiv'ring hand she aims the deadly blow,
 And leaves the feeling heart to droop in silent
 woe.

5.

I well can paint her hated pow'r,
 Nor wander to her secret cells,
 I feel her presence ev'ry hour,
 With me the horrid inmate dwells.

Not I

L

Come

Come then, with all thy soothing art,
 Bless'd healer of the wounded heart,
 Meek Resignation—who can't wear
 A smile beneath the starting tear,
 And teach the yielding heart to know
 Serenity amidst it's woe.
 Oft shalt thou raise my languid eye,
 Oft stem the tide of misery,
 Oft veil the spectre's haggard face,
 Oft snatch me from her cold embrace,
 And shew, fast breaking on my raptur'd
 sight,
 Beyond her sable clouds, a dawn of endless
 light.



CHAP. X.

A short Chapter, containing some long Journeys.

MATTERS went on much in their usual way, without any material occurrence taking place for some days; during which time Lord B. was making preparations with great anxiety for his ball, which was fixed for one day in the following week. Miss Clayton would have been very glad to have been excused from accepting the honour he had offered her, both on her own account and Sir Charles's: but Sir Harry was so thoroughly convinced that every thing depended upon the event of that evening, that she had not the least chance of escaping, and she was therefore forced to submit. But as her connection with Sir Charles was become pretty well known, she imagined that nothing could add more to the awkwardness of her situation that evening than his being present. She hinted this to Sir Charles, and he seemed to make light of it; but upon Mrs. Stapleton's declaring that she thought impertinent people would be making remarks which might distress

Miss Clayton, Sir Charles determined to take a little journey a day or two before, and not return till a day or two after the ball was over. Accordingly, when Lord B. gave him an invitation, he pleaded business, which obliged him to be absent from Bath just at that time; and he actually set out for Bristol the morning before, to the great mortification of several people, who longed to see how he would brook Lord B.'s partiality to his mistress, and to the unspeakable joy of Sir Harry, who thought that now every obstacle was removed which might prevent his lordship's declaration; for, either by accident or design, Sir Isaac Rupee was almost the only person there who was not invited.

At length the important evening came, and Lord B. shewed away in all his glory. The entertainment was magnificent, and the entertainer was indefatigable in doing the honours of it: he was here, he was there, he was never still, never silent, and made so many speeches to every body, that Miss Clayton had no reason to complain of his particularity to her; nor had Sir Harry much reason to rejoice at it; for, to say the truth, he was so much employed, that, except when he was dancing, he was hardly ever near her for a minute together the whole evening; so that when the company broke up, poor Sir Harry, who

who had carefully watched his motions, could not flatter himself that his daughter was a bit nearer being a countess than when they met. His mortification was inexpressible, and not a little aggravated by the triumph which Lady Clayton could not help shewing upon the occasion; though she endeavoured to lay some restraint upon herself, for fear of irritating Sir Harry too much, as she foresaw that she should have a difficult point to try between Sir Isaac and Sir Charles, and should have occasion for all her interest with him, in order to prevent his closing immediately with Sir Charles's proposals; who, in respect of family, the main point as she well knew with Sir Harry, had now greatly the advantage of any of Miss Clayton's humble servants. This time, however, fortune seems to have declared in her favour; for Sir Harry took it into his head, that had it not been for Sir Charles Beville's pretensions, Lord B. would certainly have pursued the point which he was convinced he had in view before Sir Charles arrived: and this idea gave him such an aversion to Sir Charles, that he determined, in the heat of his resentment, never to give his consent to his marrying his daughter.

Lady Clayton had cunning enough to encourage Sir Harry in this notion, and before Sir Charles returned from his excursion, a
 5 scheme

scheme was proposed, agreed to, and put into execution, which was not so much as thought of when he set out. This was no other than the removal of the whole Clayton family from Bath to their house in Suffolk; where Lady Clayton had given Sir Isaac Rupee an invitation to pass his Christmas, and where she had very good hopes of putting an end to Sir Charles's views for ever. Poor Miss Clayton was more hurt at being obliged to leave Bath without seeing Sir Charles, than she cared to acknowledge even to her friend; especially as it was owing to her own contrivance: but Sir Harry was so exasperated, that it was in vain to beg even a day's respite; and when Sir Charles arrived at his lodgings, they had been gone some hours.—He had not been long arrived before he received a card from Mrs. Stapleton, desiring to see him: he went immediately, not without some hopes of meeting Miss Clayton there; and his placidness was put to a severe trial, when he was informed by Mrs. Stapleton, as well as from a letter which she delivered him from her friend, of what had passed in his absence. Mrs. Stapleton comforted him with the assurances which Miss Clayton had given her, that she never would consent to marry any other person; and having read over her letter, which contained many things not uncomfortable, about half a score times, he began to

consider

Sir CHARLES BEVILLE. 223

consider what he should do. He had no farther business at Bath, and therefore determined to go to town immediately; and as Mrs. Stapleton had received an invitation from Miss Clayton to come to her in Suffolk, which she intended to accept of, he hoped, by her means at least, to be informed of the enemy's motions, according to which he might regulate his own. Having therefore dispatched a servant to town to prepare for his arrival, and spent the next day in necessary preparations for himself, he took leave of the governor, and of Mrs. Stapleton, and set out for London, in a state of mind not so calm as he usually enjoyed.

END of the THIRD BOOK; and the FIRST
VOLUME.

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ton, and set out for London in a state of mind
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Q MR 53

End of the Third Book; and the First
VOLUME.